The Olympian

Tishomi
Hugh School
1911

3 U.S.

The OLYMPIAN

1914

The very best efforts of the Class of Fourteen
Have herein been written as, can readily be seen;
Every article is clever and clean.

Only by earnest study were we able to show
Laurels of worth which will blossom and grow;
Yea, hard problems were many—easy ones rare.
Much credit is due to the man in the lead;
Persistence the word; Success is our creed.
In this number of *The Olympian* we've planted the seed
As will easily be seen when the pages you read;
New Laurels will grow everywhere.

PUBLISHED BY

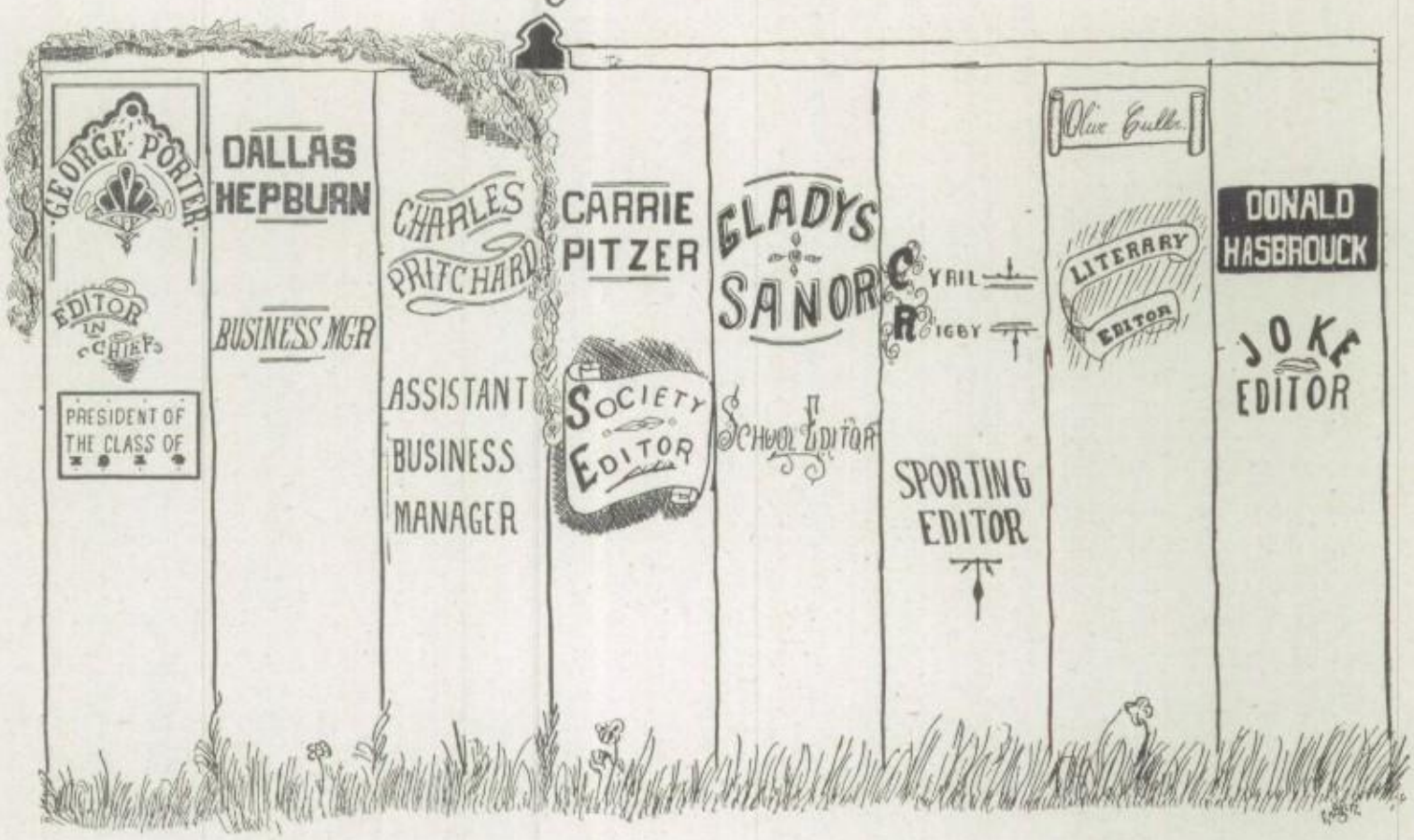
The SENIOR CLASS *of* LISBON HIGH SCHOOL

That the Class of 1914 might show their gratefulness and appreciation, this Olympian is most respectfully dedicated to

Elsie A. Roberts

who, by her modest faithfulness and wholehearted sincerity has well earned the admiration and affection of each member of the class.

The Board



Contributors

Literary

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Paul Hickling, '14
Loren Decker, '14
Frank Pritchard, '15
Paul Beaver, '15
Wyllys Fox, '15
Mildred Travis, '16
Gilman Pellett, '16
Frank Cope, '16
Russell Abrams, '16
Elmer Cope, '16
Robert Van Fossan, '17
Russell Hendricks, '17
Leland Firestone, '17
W. Dale Wylie, '12
Mrs. Eva Morris Van Fossan, '82
Miss Evaline Nelson, '73
Mrs. May Frost Marquis, '80
C. C. Connell, '90
Martin Eaholtz
F. W. Murphy

Art

Loren Decker, '14
Harold Frew, '15
Paul Travis, '12
Martin Eaholtz

Foreword

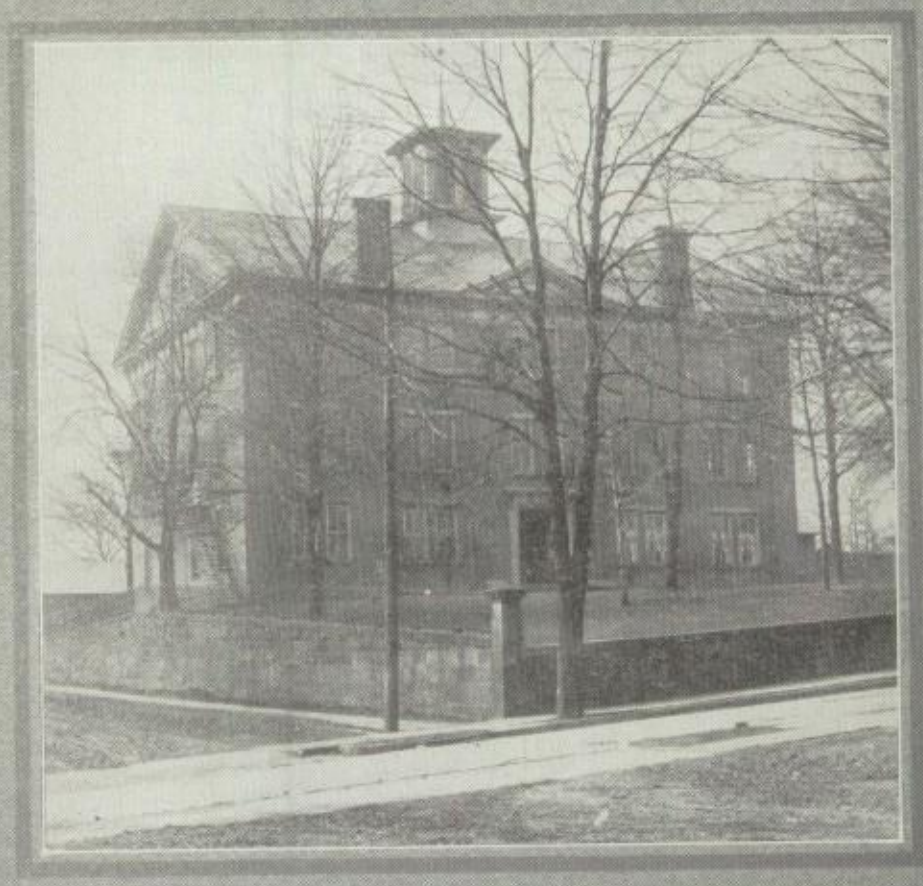
With the completion of the present year, Lisbon High School will close one of the most successful years of work it has ever accomplished. The faculty and students deserve much credit for this excellent showing, as the conditions under which all have worked have been far from ideal. The difficulty summed up is expressed in the words, "Lack of Room."

This great handicap is what Lisbon High has to battle with each year and must continue doing so until the crowded condition that exists is remedied. The only possible way to overcome this is in having a new High School Building. It is up to the citizens of Lisbon to see that their boys and girls have the best to be obtained in an education and this can only be when ACTION is taken to have a new building erected that will accommodate the increasing attendance in the High School. It is evident that a new building must come sooner or later, so why let the present state of affairs continue any longer? The Board has been compelled to rent a room and fit it up for one of the grades; when it comes to this extreme the people of Lisbon should realize there is something for them to do.

The need of a thorough education is realized here in Lisbon as well as in every other town in the United States and parents are giving their children every encouragement that they may continue through the High School. The majority of students never have the opportunity to continue their studies in college and must depend on their High School training as they take up life's struggle. Thus one can readily see the absolute value of the school that can give the very best to the student. Every school should have Manual Training so that the boy who has limited advantages might have a trade when he is through school, and Domestic Science for the girls that they might have some knowledge of how household duties should be performed. Physical Training, owing to its great benefit, has become a requirement in all schools. Lisbon High School, with the present conditions, can offer none of these three important branches.

Athletics in Lisbon High School have suffered to a great extent from the fact that there is no gymnasium to help in putting the pupils in the proper condition for their athletic games. The school's supremacy over other schools has put Lisbon "on the map," and it is only just that better conditions should exist. The girls, too, have no suitable place for their basketball work, and they need it as well as the boys. A well-equipped gymnasium would be the "best ever" in Lisbon's New High School Building.

A new High School is not a thing impossible. If we will just combine our efforts and all put a shoulder to the wheel and "Push," Lisbon can have a school that will equal any in the state. It is a matter of importance and should be brought about at once. Instead of saying that we SHOULD HAVE, let's HAVE it—A New High School Building.



Guy M. Bingham, B. S., Superintendent—Instructor, English
Ohio Northern University, 1900

Elsie A. Roberts, Ph. B., Principal—Instructor German, History
Mount Union, 1905

Elaine Van Fossan, B. A.,—Instructor, English
Oberlin, 1908

Blanche Davis, B. A.,—Instructor, Latin
Ohio State, 1908

Sadie Van Fossan, Ph. B.,—Instructor, Mathematics
Wooster, 1912

Elba Kingman, B. L.,—Instructor, German, History
Ohio Wesleyan, 1907

Frank Murphy, B. S.,—Instructor, Science
Ohio Wesleyan, 1912

The Faculty

GUY

Masterful, dominant, stern, yet kind,
Overpowering all by his firm lofty mind; ever
Resplendent his work in L. H. S. will shine
Stainless and splendid its worth undefined
Emblazoned in heart thru infinite time.

BINGHAM.

Entertaining in all that the word implies,
Lovableness and sweetness in her nature vies, with
Scorn and contempt oft seen in her eyes
Innocence and high intellect combined have her raised to
Eminence by whose loftiness, minds common are dazed.

ROBERTS.

Ebon her wonderful eyes and hair.
Laconic her speech and very rare her
Brilliant wit, combined with womanly reserve
Astonishes and bewilders both mind and nerve.

KINGMAN.

Signs of aggregation she permits none to forget, else
Angry she becomes and then you may bet
Deliberate is she in punishing; causing you to learn
Involution and evolution with all puzzling terms.
Enamored, however, she holds all by her charms.

VAN FOSSAN

Marvelous the knowledge by her retained,
Arduous the tasks on her pupils she rains,
Reticent and reserved, dainty, demure, this
Youthful teacher by winning charms lures.

DAVIS.

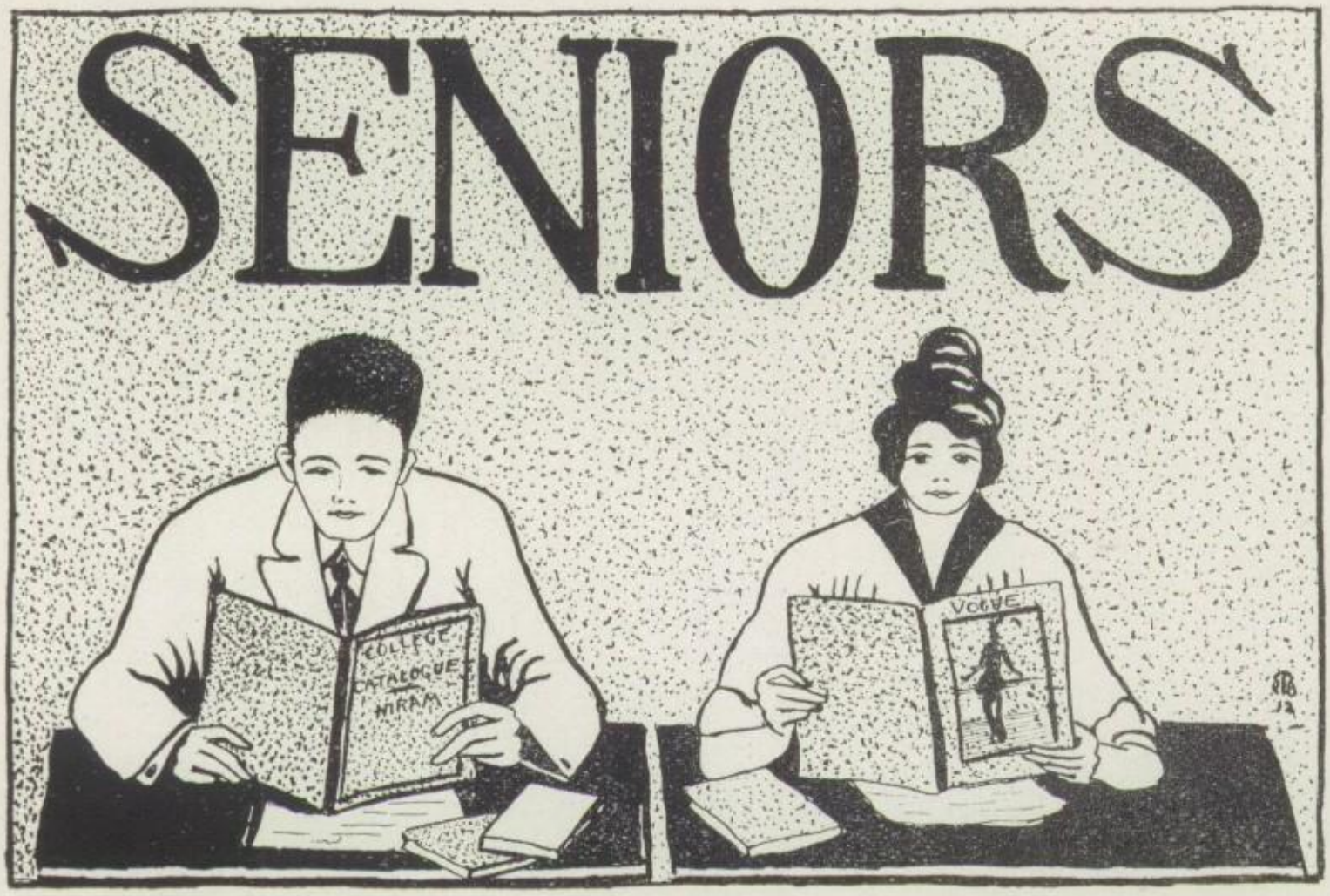
Excelled by none she stands supreme
Limpid in nature, quiet, serene
Ardently loved by pupils,—English one, for
Impartial is she, mistreating none, a
Notable thing and by which friends are won
Exaggeration of her cannot be done.

VAN FOSSAN.

Frank in name and nature 'tis true,
Ripe in ridicule for which we oft rue if
Answers in Physics we wrongly aver.
Non-pareilled Ireland's wit which is ever awhir yet
Kind, helpful, jolly; we'll ne'er 'gainst him demur.

MURPHY.

O. C., '14.



Class Officers

President ..... George Porter
Vice President.....Charles Pritchard
Secretary .....Olive Culler
Treasurer .....Dallas Hepburn

MOTTO: "He Can Who Thinks He Can.

FLOWER: Carnation.

COLORS: Royal Purple and Old Gold.

De yellow sock, de sock
De yellow sock, de cock
Striped, checkered, any old thing,
Nineteen Fourteen, Bing! Bing!

Class Chronicle

A complete history of the Rise and Fall of the Confederation of the Purple and Gold, written for the express purpose of warning the other Tribes advancing upon the Desert of Instruction, that "History will repeat."

"Now fades the glimmering landscape of sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

Even then the dust of objects moving far out on the Desert of Instruction was visible to the naked eye, but about the first of September, 1910, the invaders were in full sight. And what a sight! Another tribe, this time a powerful one of fifty braves and maidens, had again invaded the hunting grounds of Lisbon High School and had begun its search for knowledge as a sheep searches for pasture in a wood which he knows contains wolves.

When the native tribes heard of the coming of the new people, they planned attack. So one day, when the tribe was starting on a foraging expedition, they were invited to run the gauntlet. The old adage, that a man fights best in his own country, applied here and as they were not in their own country, they ran the gauntlet.

This marked the last of the supremacy of the older tribes. From that time on, the invaders reigned supreme. With his tribe divided into two sections, one in search of knowledge and the other in search of honors as athletes, Chief Porter proved himself a true leader. On that march across the Desert of Knowledge, through the Forest of School Days, where one's best days are spent, this tribe won many victories

The right wing of the tribe, led by Buckley and Pellett, triumphed over the tribe of '13 and was awarded a beautiful pennant. In the following year, the left wing showed their supremacy over the tribe of '15, while at the close of the year the entire tribe demonstrated its originality by celebrating the first Sophomore banquet ever held in Lisbon High School.

Then, as a final triumph the tribe put on the play, "Bulbul," with such great success that it made all other Junior plays produced by preceding classes look like Farcial Comedies.

But in this fast march across the desert they have not gone unscathed. Their ranks have been thinned piteously, some falling into the ranks of tribes pressing close behind while others, seeing some mirage in the distance, followed it either to their destruction or to temporary success. Thus, at the end of three years of wandering, through forests of Algebra, German and Latin, the roll call musters only thirty-two members.

Upon resuming the march westward toward the setting sun of school days, the tribe became aware of two forms silhouetted against the sky. They proved to be wanderers from some preceding tribe. When discovered their position was piteous, being without rations and having only a couple of worn-out "ponies". As they could not be deserted, they were allowed to join this happy tribe.

As there is a limit to all things, so is there an end to the great Forest of School days and even this most favored tribe must withdraw with all its laurels. Thus the tribe is fast approaching the Sunken Road of Graduation. The cries of the ponies rend the air and desolation reigns supreme, with only here and there some marauder searching for forsaken notebooks.

HUGH A. REED, Historian.

DALLAS H. HEPBURN

With a most stubborn will
Has made up his mind he will
argue still.

ELVA B. BUCKLEY

A dignified maid,
Of the most difficult lessons is
never afraid.

CHARLES D. PRITCHARD

In mathematics was fine
And as for a "fusser" he surely
did shine.

OLIVE H. CULLER

Her own merits spake
Her eyes like the heavens, her
thoughts like the lake.

PAUL T. HICKLING

A mighty fine fellow of infinite
jest,
In all of his efforts he puts forth
his best.

GLADYS I. SANOR

Her cares are so small
She always is happy—ne'er wor-
ries at all.

J. OLNEY COPE

His faults we won't discuss
But will only say that we're glad
he's with us.

CLARA E. FERRALL

We hope that your garden brings
forth pretty flowers,
Much joy and happiness for all
weary hours.

HOWARD W. PERKINS

And now at last my task is done,
I can fly or I can run.

HILDA W. RIGBY

Like the water so clear
Her sweet song flows on through-
out all the year.

HARRY L. JENKINS

With no other maiden will speak,
But goes to see Margaret each
night in the week.

ANNA M. HELMAN

She always greets you with a song
As happy as the day is long.

LOREN R. DECKER

Was never unkind;
The cause of his action was absence of mind.

WINIFRED PELLETT

With inspired pen
Will some day prove to be a leader of men.

MAE McCORMICK

With a heart for any fate
May she in her pursuing learn to labor and to wait.

AUBREY W. BLOCKSOM

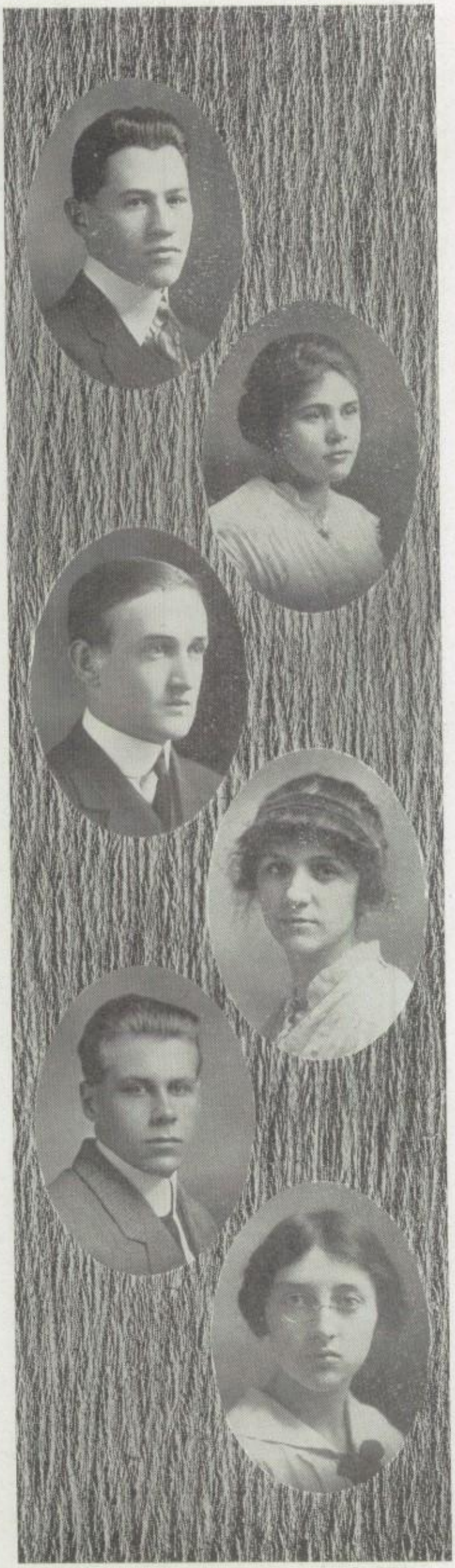
Scarce can find room in his heart
To say farewell to the faculty and from High School depart.

BERNICE L. HARBAUGH

She has on happiness and simplicity fed,
And has not been by learning misled.

EDITH RUHL

E'en in excitement she always is cool,
We wonder who will Edith rule.



DONALD W. HASBROUCK

From Erin does hail,
Here's to his future, we hope he won't fail.

VIRGINIA E. ADAMS

Great things are her doom;
Her slogan is this, "At the top there is room."

WILMER A. WARRICK

Alack! he is a quiet boy,
But his silence is the herald of all joy.

MILDRED D. DEEMER

Happy all day,
May she always keep sweet and her work be as play.

CYRIL P. RIGBY

An athlete he;
One of these days a horticulturist he'll be.

JULIA E. HENNACY

Those boys and girls may talk and play,
But I will study all the day.

HUGH A. REED

Has a genius so rare
That you hardly at first see the
strength that is there.

MYRA A. HALVERSTADT

Oh, thou inconsistent maid,
I would thou were of man afraid.

GEORGE C. PORTER

Whose motto will be,
"I'll be the leader—you follow
me."

OLIVE L. GALBREATH

A meek, modest miss,
You all know her well, so we'll
leave her with this.

CARL LEWTON

Was never known to frown
A more honest lad can't be found
in town.

CAROLYN S. PITZER

Does the best that she can,
Fears nothing at all, not even a
man.

HAZEL M. FISHER

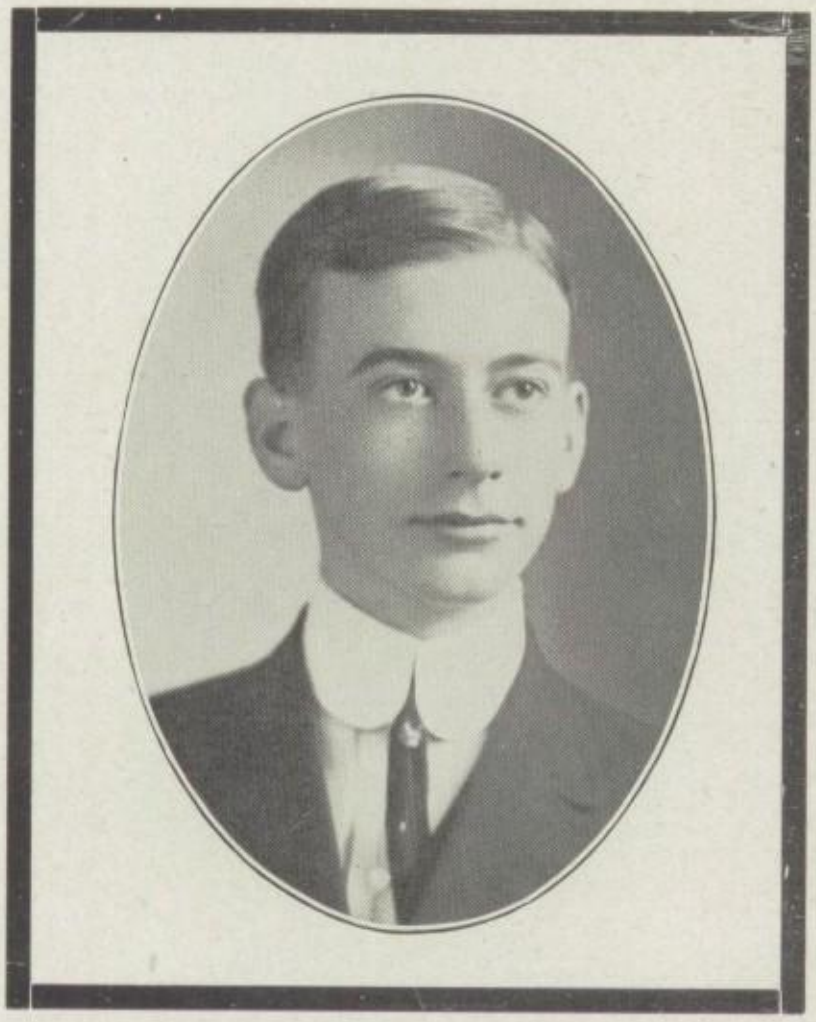
In German made fame,
And in all other studies will confess to the same.

MINNIE E. LATSHAW

Of staid, dignified mind
Remains true to the proverb:
She's not heard but seen.

EDITH B. TRUNICK

She has knowledge we all know,
Because she knows what she does not know.



In Memoriam

He lies there peacefully sleeping,
Apparently all alone;
But the Almighty Father guards o'er him
Since He called for, and took him home.

OLIN MORRIS SHEETS.

A beloved classmate who answered death's call at the close of the Freshman year. The losing of such a friend touched the hearts of all, but it was His will and His will shall be done.

A loss to this earth, but a gain to Heaven.

Class Poem

Swiftly the years have flown,
Glowing as wondrous jewels,
Since from bud to flower we have grown
In the noblest and best-loved of schools.
Happy the days we have spent
In dear old Lisbon High,
And truly our hearts are rent
As parting days draw nigh.

Though distant paths we may tread
In fields far removed from thee,
To God our heart's thanks shall be said,
That to Thee we owe life's key,
With which we shall open the door
To treasures of purest gold,
Which out upon us shall pour
In floods of wealth untold.

Grand old Lisbon High School
Tho' from you we now must part
Your precepts shall e'er be the rule
That will lead each grateful heart.
And now fond wishes do we leave
That your future may brighter grow
That the glorious colors, the Blue and White,
May never lose their glow.

Wider still be known your name,
In athletics and scholars supreme;
That as high as the stars will rise your fame
Is our fondest and most-hoped-for dream.
Blessings we ask for your students kind
And glory upon you forever shine
The school of all the peer.

—OLIVE H. CULLER, '14.

Officers

President ..... Walter Ward
Vice President ..... Harold Frew
Secretary ..... Paul Beaver
Treasurer ..... Carl Bowman

MOTTO: "To Think Is To Live."

COLORS: Maroon and Black.

YELL: Rickety, Rackety, Rickety, Zed!
Dutch and Latin, Black and Red!
1915 can't be led!
Rah! Rah!
Juniors!

Class History—1915

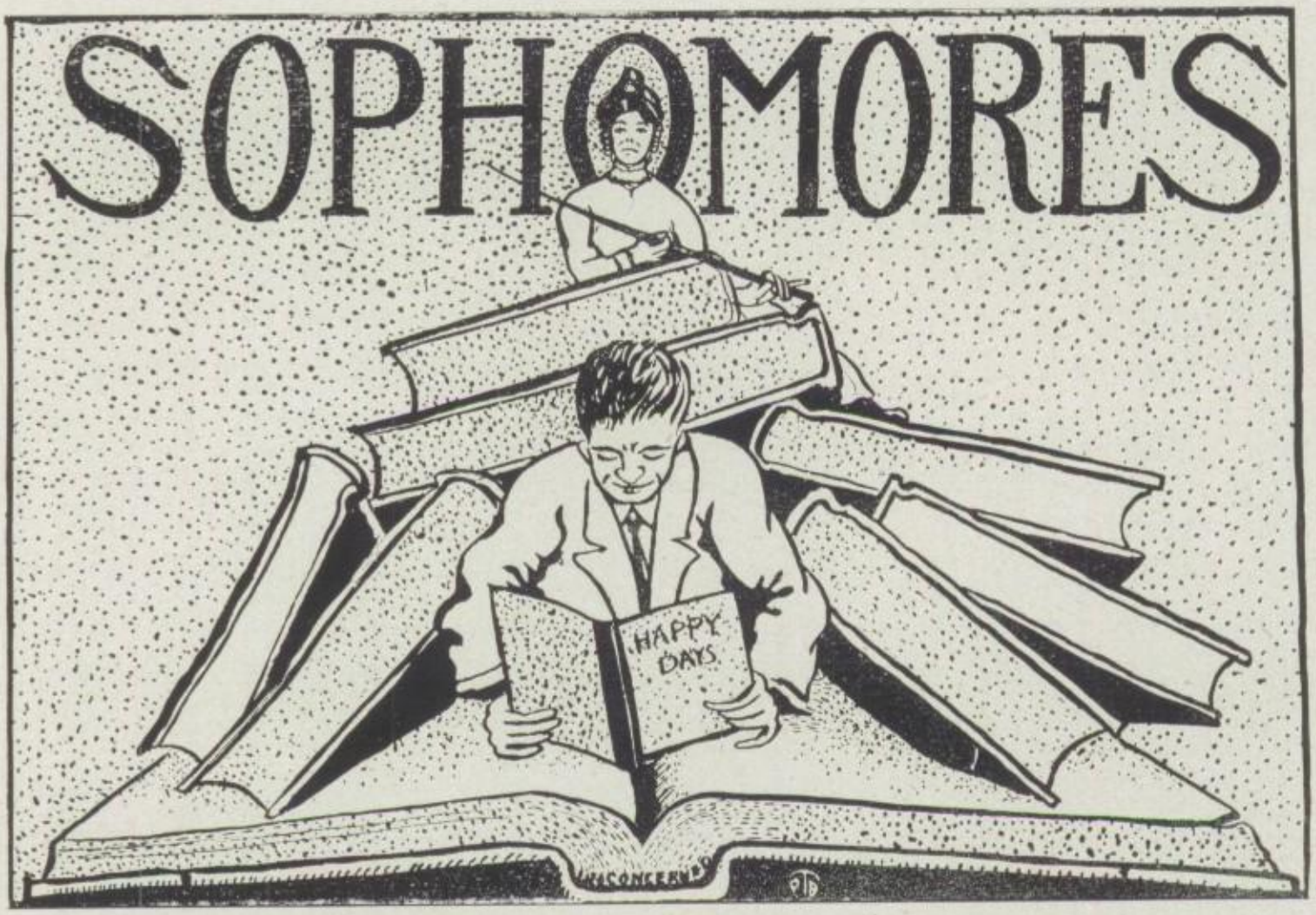
To record properly the history of the Junior Class of Lisbon High, makes it necessary that the innate modesty, which our class is known to possess, be laid aside for the moment, for how else can the truth be told and these facts preserved for the benefit of those, who in years to come will remark, as each individual member reaches some pinnacle of fame: "No wonder! he belonged to the class of '15 in Lisbon High." Many people will wonder where we received this grand inspiration which endowed us with the desire to reach such a high vocation in life. Let us solve the question for you, but first let it be clearly understood that it was not only from our "learned teachers" whom the Board was so fortunate in obtaining, but simply by the force of our own merits, which have been constantly urging our ambitions higher. Of course we might have dropped quietly into the dark ages of vacant thought, which seems to be the fate of the class of '14. But with that commendable spirit and enterprise which has always characterized it, our class has carried to a successful issue everything it has attempted for the good name and fame of old L H. S. It found her without life, without hope, and without inspiration. It gave life and activity to the slumbering "shack" and now where despair and desolation reigned, Hope, cheerful messenger, rules and is reflected in the visages of faculty, students (and janitor). With a diadem of glory on their brows, standing upon the lofty eminence of genius and originality, the class of '15 will be famous in the annals of L. H. S. as long as her walls and memory endure.

F. PRITCHARD.

P. BEAVER,

Just Picture

Harold Babington ..... Lighting the lights in the Assembly.
Paul Beaver ..... With less inquisitiveness.
John Billingsley ..... With a girl.
Carl Bowman ..... A professor of "landology".
Lucile Bradbury ..... Writing a love story.
Joseph Clunk ..... With two sensible thoughts in succession.
Anna Everett ..... Making nitroglycerine in the Lab.
Ruth Fisher ..... Troubling a teacher.
Harry Flugan ..... Proposing.
Wyllys Fox ..... Floor manager for a W. C. T. U. sneak dance.
Esther Franks ..... A lion trainer in Forepaugh's Circus.
Marie Fraser ..... A flirt.
Harold Frew ..... A black-haired, black-eyed, scowling villain.
Ruby Halverstadt ..... At a dance.
Esther Handelsman ..... A police lady in Chicago.
Irene Handelsman ..... As a victim of her sister.
Elizabeth Heller ..... A militant suffragette.
Ruth Helman ..... A Tango teacher.
Oral Hepburn ..... A chorus girl.
Mabel James ..... Singing "Woodman, Woodman, spare that tree."
James Kinnear ..... With an intelligent look on his face.
Margaret McCaskey ..... "Alone."
Harry March ..... Buying new seats in the Assembly.
James Martin ..... In love.
Frank Pritchard ..... Making a noise.
Anna Rigby ..... Throwing chalk in classes.
Harry Riddle ..... With a sweet disposition.
Mary Stockman ..... Without Mabel.
Loraine Underwood ..... With a new giggle.
Lucile Young ..... A gum-chewing stenographer.
Walter Ward ..... Studying his lessons.



Officers

President ..... Elmer Cope
Vice President ..... Helen Pike
Secretary ..... Effie White
Treasurer ..... Vera Fraser

MOTTO: "Nimmer sorgen wir die Sorge,
Bis die Sorge uns sorgt."

COLORS: Brown and White.

YELL: In Lisbon High there is a class,
Whom none, but pessimists can surpass.
College and spire, teach us—they might,
Sophomores! Sophomores! Brown and white.

Class History

Hearken ye herewith to a short enumeration of the doings of an illustrious class, need I mention its date? Oh! no, but still, perhaps, in some distant corner of the earth, there exist unfortunates who are unenlightened in regard to this as well as to some other important matters. An example such as this aggregation would be a benefit to them as it has been to the world in general. The class was the one that entered L. H. S. in the fall of 1912.

Its members are now Sophomores in that famous institution of learning. All the individuals of the class remember as distinctly as does the Historian, the first few days of our existence within the portals of the realms of knowledge; the envious glances from the upper classmen, for it was rumored about, that we were something out of the ordinary and that we had a great future before us.

In Athletics we have been more than fortunate, one of our most honored members making the Foot Ball team as a "sub," while in Track our modesty forbids our mentioning the laurels won by the Sophomore boys. We will just state in passing that still greater things are to be expected in the future.

In our class the girls have nobly stood for women's rights by achieving a high standard in Baseket Ball.

While we have done well in athletics our main stronghold is in literature and music. In the Annual Gold Medal Contest, one of our girls won in the recitation for two successive times, another of our girls being close second. We need only mention music, for in the Kubelik Khoral Klub if all the Seniors should quit singing, and the Juniors should cease to be heard, and the Freshmen's childish voices should fade away, the melody would go on, carried by the clear bell-like voices of the Sophomores. Added to all this, one of our boys is an esteemed member of the High School Orchestra.

While we are only Sophomores with two years of hard work ahead of us, and sometimes oppressed by the teachers opinion, we drift on serenely, conscious of our capabilities and try to live up to our motto:—

"Never trouble trouble, until trouble troubles you."

MILDRED TRAVIS.

What Do You Know?

DO YOU KNOW—Lisbon was founded 111 years ago last February?

Louis Kinney built a court house and jail out of logs, in 1803 and sold them to the town for $150?

The first newspaper printed in the county was the Ohio Patriot, a four column sheet printed in German and established 106 years ago?

Ariel Gailey's great-great grandfather Hostetter, kept the first tavern in 1806 and her great-great-grandfather Martin Helman, came two years later to be one of the first merchants here?

The first iron furnace in Ohio was built near the McKinley mines in 1808 by Gideon Hughes?

The first dry goods store was near the old stone house on Washington Street, and the Indians came to that store to trade, in such numbers, that that part of the village was often almost blockaded?

President McKinley's grandfather taught school in the old log house which preceded the present Market street building?

That over 100 years ago, children climbed the same old hill to attend school? The rude log cabin made of round logs was built in a beautiful grove of oak trees, greased paper was used for window glass, the seats were made of slabs, flat side up, fastened to the wall by wooden pins?

Aubrey Blocksom's great-grandfather Blocksom, came on horseback from the East to be the first lawyer in Lisbon and his great-grandfather Anderson, when 19 years old, traveled on foot alone from Eastern Pennsylvania to Ohio and began teaching; 37 years of his work being in Lisbon?

The first postoffice was in a little log house, also used as a saddler's shop on East Washington street, near Scott's harness shop?

About 100 years ago a market house was built in front of the present court house and William Hillman served many years as clerk and weighmaster for $8 per year?

The last Indian blood shed in this part of Ohio was when a 17-year-old boy, named Carpenter, near West Point, shot and killed the noted Indian chief "White-Eyes," who was trying to kill the boy with a tomahawk?

That for ten years previous to 1818 the legal advertisements and job printing of Cleveland were sent to the Patriot office to be printed?

George Nace's great-grandfather, Mathias Nace, played the violin in a band organized in October, 1832?

Mark Hanna's father began practicing medicine in Lisbon in 1836; and also the first paper mill in Ohio was erected in 1805 on Little Beaver Creek?

Clarence Ball lives on East Washington Street in the oldest house in Lisbon? That this stone house with walls two feet thick and stone chimneys was built in 1805 by Lewis Kinney for a tavern?

That in 1820 many people flocked into Lisbon to see the first circus and elephant exhibition, and it was accompanied by a violin and tambourine to furnish music?

Fifty-three years ago Leland Firestone's grandfather was an officer in the army and was in some of the hardest fought battles of the Civil War?

The first church built was the Presbyterian, a large, one-story structure with high seats and the aisles paved with brick, and that Rev. Clement Vallandingham was the first pastor in 1807?

Bernice and Ruth Harbaugh's great-great-uncle, Daniel Harbaugh, established the first tannery about 1804 and he was captain of a company of cavalry in the war of 1812?

Lisbon has more history to the square inch than any other town in Ohio?

G. PELLETT, '16.

FRESH MEN

Officers

President ..... George Lafferty
Vice President ..... Dorothy Morris
Secretary ..... Vida Perkins
Treasurer ..... Frank Hennacy

MOTTO: "Not How Much, but How Well."

COLORS: Orange and Black.

YELL: Red, yellow, black and green,
We, the class of '17,
Ma, Ma—Pa, Pa,
Just keep sweet.

Freshmen Class History

In the estimation of the class of "seventeen" we did not receive a very warm reception from the upper classmen. The first few days of school we boys wore tennis shoes, because we knew what was coming. Finally it came; two rows of boys lined up Market Street hill with paddles that in our eyes looked like fence rails. And to think that we had to run the "gauntlet" with fence rails interfering with our progress! We took it good-naturedly; well! the fact is that there was nothing else to do and also that we were looking forward to helping in the same performance next year.

After this occasion we got down to business and stuck to our studies closely. Although we were called "green" by the upper classmen we held our own in grades with all of the other classes, and had a fine average.

Soon after school started all the talk was about literary, therefore we were anxious to see what it was like. The class was divided among the three societies, and after the Seniors and Juniors had taken part, we had our trial which proved very successful. We have had fine debates and feel that our work was appreciated because two Freshmen were chosen for the annual contest. Altho we dreaded "lit" at first, it has been beneficial in many ways.

We had two Freshmen on the regular High School foot-ball team, one of whom made his L. We also had a Freshman on the basket-ball team.

We organized a basket-ball team and were very successful, and it will help us next year in making the High School team.

In the conclusion of our history, we want to say that we have the best "bunch" of girls and boys that have entered Lisbon High in many years and we hope that we have made our "rep" as a class.

ROBERT L. VAN FOSSAN, '17.
RUSSELL L. HENDRICKS, '17.

The Age of Innocence—1917

There are has-beens, there are to-be's, and there are Freshmen. It is not a question of whether to be or not to be,—we are. However we are not for long, because soon Prof. Bingham will close us out to make room for new stock. (With apologies to Room 8). As we look forward it is hardly possible to realize we are so soon to be those very wise ones, of whom we nave stood in such awe, for whom we have had such reverence. Is it possible we shall know as much as they know? Will they think we know as much as they think they know? All this year we have been able to look upward, there have been none on whom we could look down. Verily our necks have ached with this constant strain, this longing to get beyond and above ourselves and be numbered with the wise. When the infection "pantaloonitis" spread so seriously among our Knickerbocker Club it only strengthened the mad desire to be what we were not.

The question arises: Will it be possible for our hearts to hold all they now hold and in addition to hold all that only Sophomores know? Or shall we be expected to forget through lazy July and summer-waning August all we have labored to absorb the past nine months, that in some cases has caused a noticeable bulging of the head and has required an entire new fitting of hats? It is only the thought of the cerebral pressure that causes us to fear adopting Sophomore shoes.

With all they know we suppose Sophomores do not know fear. We suppose, we hope and pray, that a Sophomore can go right up to a girl and ask her to go to a ball game without turning red or falling in a faint. There have been Freshmen known to ask girls but mostly they are so weak they hope the girls will ask them.

Whereas this year our devoted teachers have worried by day and slept at night lest we overtax our over-active young brains, and marveled at our close application to books (especially novels) we suppose that next year they will expect us to step right up to the fountain of learning and "Seizer."

With the study of Geometry our girls' figures will be sure to improve, though little improvement is really needed in a class whose girls have Hazel eyes and Dorothy complexions and are just Wright and All-bright, while some are tame and one is Tamar, with a Belle and several Maybelles, a Marjorie good at arguery, one who can Cope with any in basket-ball and another who Vi's with the best of them in looks.

So these little Freshies so bright and so green
Whose looks are so good and whose minds are so keen
Who love nothing more than to see and be seen
You'll continue to hear of till nineteen-seventeen.

L. S. F.

The Literary Societies

Adelphian
Athenian
Ionian

Literary

Many years have passed since the joyous days of youth and student life, and now from happy care-free boys and girls we have become men and women, and have assumed all the duties that the later years of life bring. As we look back upon the days of our apprenticeship, we desire to visit the great workshop, the World, wherein are found the companions of our youth, no longer novices, but fully developed workmen, masters in their professions.

It is with awe and yet a strangely familiar feeling that we are led into this vast Hall of Life and Learning. Everywhere we hear the hum of the busy and triumphant workers, each a success in his chosen career, as daily he carves deeper and deeper the letters of personality into the monument of Life. Carefully has his destiny been planned and definite his destination in life; here no aimless wandering like a sailboat upon the great ocean, without chart or compass, driven before every wind and wrecked at last upon the shores of an unknown and barren country. Ah! no, instead the aim and end of life has been carefully considered, each worker has been, and is, developing himself along natural and useful lines.

As we gaze in wonder over this spacious amphitheatre, with its three great apartments we become aware that herein is represented every profession and industry of man.

From one part of this great Hall, emerges the clinking sound of iron and steel and we soon perceive the forms of eager and busy mechanics, those modern wizards to whose efforts are due the world's wonderful labor-saving machines of value inestimable.

Passing on we are ushered into an odd, mysterious place. Men with intent, serious looks, are working with strange and curious instruments. Around them is spread a vast and varied assortment of earthy substances, for which these laborers have delved into the innermost recesses of earth, in an endeavor to wrest from Mother Nature her long-cherished and hidden secrets. Here Reason is playing a part, and thus powerfully aided, these great scientists are slowly but surely becoming victors in the contest, solving peculiar and difficult problems which have for ages puzzled and defied man.

Impressed by the magnitude of their accomplishments, we wander on, now entering a division vastly different. Before us are wonderful persons, doctors perfecting themselves in that noblest of professions, surgery. How marvelous is the training of those minds and nerves grasping the smallest details and omitting nothing that might prolong life or cause death.

Our attention is drawn from them by a strangely varied group, artists interpreting through the medium of art the many phases of life; musicians luring us on by the strains of exquisite music—all proclaiming the master-hand.

We are abruptly awakened from our reveries by the sound of powerful voices, and these voices are issuing from men born to command; great statesmen, leaders in the world of government, by whose careful and deep thought, just and efficient laws are devised for the maintenance of the country's welfare.

As we are pondering on the value of these men to the world, we wander into an apartment greater than all others, that of the mighty tillers of the soil. Here are men, no longer working with eyes blinded to the vast possibilities of the treasure stored in the earth, but instead, daily discovering new methods of cultivation that, applied, not only solve the problem of gaining a livelihood for the individual, but also insures subsistence for the great dependent mass.

Thus it is all around us; everywhere men are grasping the very best that

life has to give, taking it because it is their right, the right of those who have labored long and earnestly.

As we are departing gratified by all that we have seen, yet mystified by the vaguely familiar air pervading the workshop, we are suddenly startled by the sight of three never-to-be-forgotten names chiseled deeply in marble over the entrance of this remarkable edifice; like the light of morn there dawns upon our bewildered senses the significance of all that we have seen. Glorious are the memories called up by the names Ionian, Athenian and Adelphian; swiftly the mind darts back to the years 1913 and 1914, back to those joyous days spent in Lisbon High School. Many years have intervened yet there are none who can fling aside, even though they would, the influences of those days. We did not realize then the value of our Literary Societies; but the passing years have forcibly brought to mind their deep significance.

Distinctly do we recall the terror that assailed us when first called upon to deliver before our society the ever-dreaded oration; what relief we experienced when the trying ordeal was finally and successfully passed. Little did we realize the indirect influence which that very oration would have upon our future life when, upon assuming the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood, duty called us to voice our opinions upon subjcts of vital and widespread interest.

As we read at intervals of the wonderful debates of the nation's greatest statesmen, as within the halls of Congress they battle for the right in the political world, our memory wanders back to that day in the Literary Societies known as the "Freshmen Day". Never shall we forget the surprise given to us by the members of the class of 1917 as they illustrated their competence and ability to handle successfully the current problems of the day. In debate, masterful and convincing, pupils now, but masters in the later season of life, as they were called to take up Life's real work.

But now our happy reveries of the past, of the pleasures of school and literary effort, are terminated, but as we leave the great Hall, where are partially disclosed the mysteries of Life, we are conscious that these heights have been attained by the influence and aid received from Lisbon High School which we shall ever love with true and thankful hearts.

The fourth Annual Gold Contest of Lisbon High School, was held March 16, 1914, in the Lisbon Theater, the three literary societies, Ionian, Adelphian and Athenian, participating in the event.

It has been conceded by all that it greatly surpassed those of the preceding years, the oratory being of a higher type, and the subjects handled showing perfect acquaintance with the current problems of the day. The debate work deserves special mention, it being handled in a masterful and convincing manner.

The following program was carried out:—

Music.....High School Orchestra

Oration

N. 1. "Child Labor".....Athenian

Clara Ferrall, 85 2/3%.

No. 2. "California's Attitude Towards the Japanese".....Ionian

Gladys Sanor, 89%.

No. 3. "A New National Conscience".....Adelphian

Virginia Adams, 87 1/3%.

Original Story

No. 1. "The Higher Duty".....Athenian

Paul Hickling, 84 2/3%.

No. 2. "The Boy and the Bomb".....Adelphian
Wyllys Fox, 88 1/3%.
No. 3. "The Treachery of a Brother".....Ionian
Effie White, 83 1/3%.
Music.....The Kubelik Khoral Klub
Debate—Resolved, "That our Legislation should be shaped toward the gradual abandonment of the Protective Tariff."
Affirmative—Adelphian
First, Leland Firestone; Second, Aubrey Blocksom.
Negative—Athenian
First, Bert Baxter; Second, Hugh Reed.
Result—Affirmative.
Music.....The Kubelik Khoral Klub
Essay
No. 1. "Armament by Disarmament".....Adelphian
Olive Culler, 91%.
No. 2. "Manual Training and Intellectual Development".....Athenian
Anna Helman, 95%.
No. 3. "Mormonism in the United States".....Ionian
Edith Ruhl, 88%.
Recitation
No. 1. "The Octoroon".....Adelphian
Ruth Atterholt, 96 1/3%.
No. 2. "The Execution of Sydney Carton".....Ionian
Evelyn Albright, 90 2/3%.
No. 3. "The Death of Bill Sykes".....Athenian
Sarah McCoy, 80%.
Music.....High School Orchestra

Debate

AFFIRMATIVE—ELMER COPE, '16—ADELPHIAN SOCIETY.

Resolved: That the world is improving in morals.

Honorable Judges and Friends:—

This is a great question and no one can give it an exact answer. If it were an inquiry into the improvement of the farms or the school rooms it would be easy; but as to the world at large, positive answers are impossible: the field of inquiry is too vast, and racial characteristics too secret, but in a general estimate of the world, comparing the present with the past, one cannot help but notice a marked and rapid improvement and a fair prospect for further gains. We shall point out only a few instances of this advance.

Look at all that is being done today to educate the people and help them into a better way of living, and for a betterment of conditions morally as well as physically. Take for example, the Hague Conference, the Arbitration Movement, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Playgrounds for our children, Legislation for the regulation and control of Child Labor; all for the betterment of conditions. Take the Woman's Suffrage movement which aims to make better the conditions of government and country. The spirit has grown and enlarged, and the idea back of it all is the betterment of mankind.

The world, like a man, has its backslidings and its repentances. An advance made in one century may be almost wholly lost in the next, and regained with interest in a later century. One nation may be degenerating

under certain infections of evil while others are improving. There may be years of little improvement in the field of morals just as there are short crops in our corn or cotton fields, but as we try to perceive the question clearly, it seems that the world is really growing better—perhaps not in every way, we could hardly expect that,—but in the main current of its life.

In and before the time of Shakespeare, a woman's existence was merged with that of her husband: she belonged to him; he could say of her, "She is mine." He had the right to beat her or sell her as he pleased, but now we find it vastly different for she is almost on an equality with him. Is this not an immense gain? We also notice the advance in the abolition of child-marriage in India, the decline of the fashion of foot-binding in China, and the education of the girls in Egypt.

My honorable opponents will probably bring up the question of the White Slave Trade. Take it then as one of the backslidings previously mentioned, but even so, never has there been such a fight against it as is now being waged. We find the very strictest of laws against anyone who is implicated in such trade, and there are many institutions for the preservation of young lives which might be, or have been led astray. They may tell us that there was no such trade as this in olden times, but any Bible student or student of ancient history can tell us better and tell us that the trade is decreasing. In ancient times women and children were carried off by the thousands and sold as slaves to masters who considered them little better than dumb brutes. In the case of the Sabine Women, with which everyone should be familiar, and in the time of Nero and the supremacy of Rome, hundreds of thousands even of the highest in rank of another country were reduced to slavery and made to serve the highest bidder. Their method was more bold, while the trade now is kept more secret; nevertheless we must admit it is decreasing.

There is a great change in our modern criminal law, which proves we are growing more just. Brutal and degrading methods of execution, as crcuifixion, burying alive, disembowelling, have been abolished. There has been an advance in the scope of criminal law, some of the offences most severely punished in old times have ceased to be grounds of prosecution, such as witchcraft and nonconformity. Some men such as David, Jacob and others who were considered the very best and highest class of men, would on account of their vices be considered criminals now. Who can fail to see an improvement in the spirit of recent legislation, an effort to make the law more effective in the protection of our rights, and more just in punishing our offences?
just in punishing our offences?

These are a few of the reasons why we are convinced that the twentieth century is an advancing age.

NEGATIVE—AUBREY BLOCKSOM, '14—ADELPHIAN SOCIETY.

Honorable Judges, Teachers, and Students:

It is not to my taste to be called upon to flaunt before you the sad conditions of the world at which all good men who look at the matter squarely shrink back in despair.

First, let us take our ancestors whose virtuous characters should be taken as an ideal. They were pure of heart and of mind, temperate and self-restrained. Sin, vice, and all corrupting influences were abhorred with genuine piety. Thus they lived surrounding themselves with the essence of usefulness and wholesome efficiency. It was virtue for virtue's sake alone. This was moral living. A little Quaker boy in anger said to his brother, "The little you, Thee," and then repenting implored him not to tell his mother he swore.

Can you imagine any such conscientiousness today? "Thou shalt not

take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'' Is this done today? Yes, this is done today and commonly. The little boys do it and think nothing of it. They get it from the older boys, whom they honor by admiring, who probably got it from their fathers. Their moral guards are down from the first and these little boys will grow up to swear and make light of the sacred so that others will learn to do the same thing, and to do it thoughtlessly. We just edge farther and farther so gradually as not to notice it. Ambition lays pitfalls. There are many respectable people (at least outwardly) without principle. They are determined to get on in spite of all and usually succeed. The more virtuous person has probably set the standard which the other wishes to gain. When he finally gets there after continually fouling the fragrance of the road by his presence, he can only grasp the place and not create. This will bear some inspection however, and younger persons see only the fact that he got what he wanted and are soon willing to forsake their honor to do the same. It shades into the other and in their haste they overlook it completely. Most persons are naturally weak-willed and soon join this great majority in business. It calls forth lying, cheating, and is simply throwing morals to the wind. They form one class called the ''tired business man,'' who after their day's labor in the office must witness some cheap play reeking with vulgarity, written especially to appease their own gross natures. This is putting good drama in the background in our large cities. The true Goddess must hide her face in shame, while the Devil leers and the public is indifferent. Can our morals be strong with such a state of affairs? A man can not tell the police some one has stolen his coat for fear before he gets away the police will have stolen his shirt. Politicians boldly keep their gangs of gunmen. Five years ago such things could not be comprehended. The Rosenthal case exposes the immorality and vice that runs riot in our cities which represent our standards to the world. The very persons who are supposed to hinder vice, secretly help. Our young people, unrestrained, throw themselves into any new sensation which happens along. It is now, ''On with the dance, let joy be unrefined.'' To the degree their age and fatness permit, the mothers take part themselves. This is the fashionable class where morals are sacrificed to gain notoriety. Ever hear of women smoking cigarettes any time at all ago? Yet now we find them in hotels publicly, or in their apartments more privately, smoking cigarettes from their own gold or silver cases. This for the nation is all the more unfortunate in that it is these same women who should be setting us a far higher standard. As it is, all the youngsters with whom they come in contact are besmirched and dwarfed in morals. Could you have conceived such lowered standards in the distance any time ago?

And we are not stopping in our mad course. It leads on and on, and the throng undertaking it swells. New York, Chicago, and other cities do not close their saloons even on Sunday. They don't have to. Sunday is their largest day. Picture shows also do well. If Woman's Suffrage clears this away it will have to come soon, for women as well as men soon become accustomed to such surroundings and even to defend them. This may be such a reaction from our better days as that following the ''Commonwealth'' in England. We lead the world and we are setting the pace of the nations. By looking about you may easily perceive that most things have gone from classical to ''classy'' and what already hasn't, is lining up as fast as possible. It has come to where there is difficulty in getting pastors for parishes. An up-to-date question is, ''Why have Sunday?''

"What did you do, America?
They're after you, America,
You got excited and started something,
Nations jumping all around.
You've got a lot to answer for,
They lay the blame right at your door,
The world is ragtime-crazy from shore to shore.
In every land, America,
Most every band, America,
Has started everybody dancing daily
Prancing gaily all around.
There's syncopation in the air,
They've got the fever everywhere,
Each happy, snappy chappy cries, "It's a bear!"
London's dropped its dignity,
So have France and Germany;
All hands are dancing to a raggedy melody full of originality.
The folks that live in sunny Spain
Dance to a strain
That they call the Spanish Tango;
Dukes and Lords and Russian Czars,
Men who own their motor cars,
Throw up their shoulders to that raggedy melody
Full of originality.
Italian opera singers have learned to snap their fingers,
The world goes around at a pace that never lags."

Suscitabulum

Cum ingens horologium[1] in auditorio[2] ad reficiendum[3] dimitteretur[4], suscitabulum[5] usum[6] est. Hoc in pulpitu[7] ponebatur[8]. In auditorio supremum silentium erat. Heu! subito suscitabulum trepidabat[9]. Magistra Rexhomo[10], quae ad pulpitum sedebat[11], suscitabulum apprehendebat[12] et in loculo[13] ponebat. Rursus silentium erat. Tum suscitabulum rursus trepidabat et Magistra Rexhomo id excipiebat[14] ac si[15] exploderit[16] et ad officinam gerebat[17]. Rursus supremum silentium erat. Tum Hibernicushomo[18] in auditorium cum suscitabulo ambulabat[19]. Aliem dicunt[20] Magistram Rexhominem, indignantem[21] turbatorem[22] ex fenestra[23] ejicisse[24], sed alii dicunt eam suscitabulum ad officinam rursus gessisse[25].

1. Clock
2. Assembly room.
3. Repairing.
4. Was sent.
5. Alarm clock
6. Was used.
7. Desk.
8. Was placed.
9. Started.
10. Kingman.
11. Sat.
12. Took.
13. Drawer.
14. Picked up.
15. As if.
16. Would explode.
17. Carried.
18. Irishman.
19. Walked.
20. Say.
21. Disgusted.
22. Disturber.
23. Window.
24. Threw.
25. Took.

E. RUHL, '14—Ionian

At the Close of Day

The day is done and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
But we're 'tween the walls of L. H. S.
With all the doors shut tight.

I can hear the voice of Miss Roberts,
As she gives us a lecture course,
And says that we can't go home yet,
And my heart is filled with remorse.

A feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That seems to resemble a pain,
As "Shorty" March stamps on the floor,
And the rest take up the refrain.

So I hie me away to the book-case,
And pick up a nice picture-book,
And am just pretending to read it,
When I'm stopped by a warning look.

I can see the light of anger,
In the determined look on her face;
So I pick up the book with a flourish
And put it back in the case.

I take a recumbent position,
And almost fall to the floor,
When she advances toward the doorway
And starts to open the door.

But hark! what is that loud racket,
Which startles me from my repose?
Don't be frightened, my boy, it is nothing
But Jay Forse blowing his nose.

Then Miss Roberts gently shuts the door,
And calmly sits down on a chair,
And says, "You'll not get out tonight
Until all this noise is rare."

Such things have a power to quiet
A noisy Assembly room—
For it is time that Mr. Fisher
Should appear at the door with a broom.

When she sees we have all become silent,
She says, "First two rows pass out",
And as I sit in the initial row,
I don't know what the rest was about.

Come read to me some story,
Something that's bright and gay,
And not full of sorrow and sadness,
Like the one I have written to-day.

Read from the humble Freshie,
A story from the torrid zone,
One that is full of adventure
From Hickling or "Sol" Firestone.

And the students shall cease their sobbing,
And the ones who have seen this day
Will quietly pick up their text-books
And silently steal away.

R. ABRAMS, '16, Ionian.

ATHLETICS
ÜBER ALLES
IN DER WELT
'12

The Association

Less than half a score of years ago our fellow students brought forth in this High School a new Association to better the conditions which then existed. This put a new zeal into things and the Association is a success. It has put Athletics in a position where only the worthy may participate.

Each member of the Association is proud to think that he belongs to an organization which brings his High School in touch with the best schools in the State of Ohio and makes it possible for him to compete with these High Schools.

With these facts we cannot help but see that Lisbon High is benefited in every way by belonging to this State Organization.

Officers of the Association

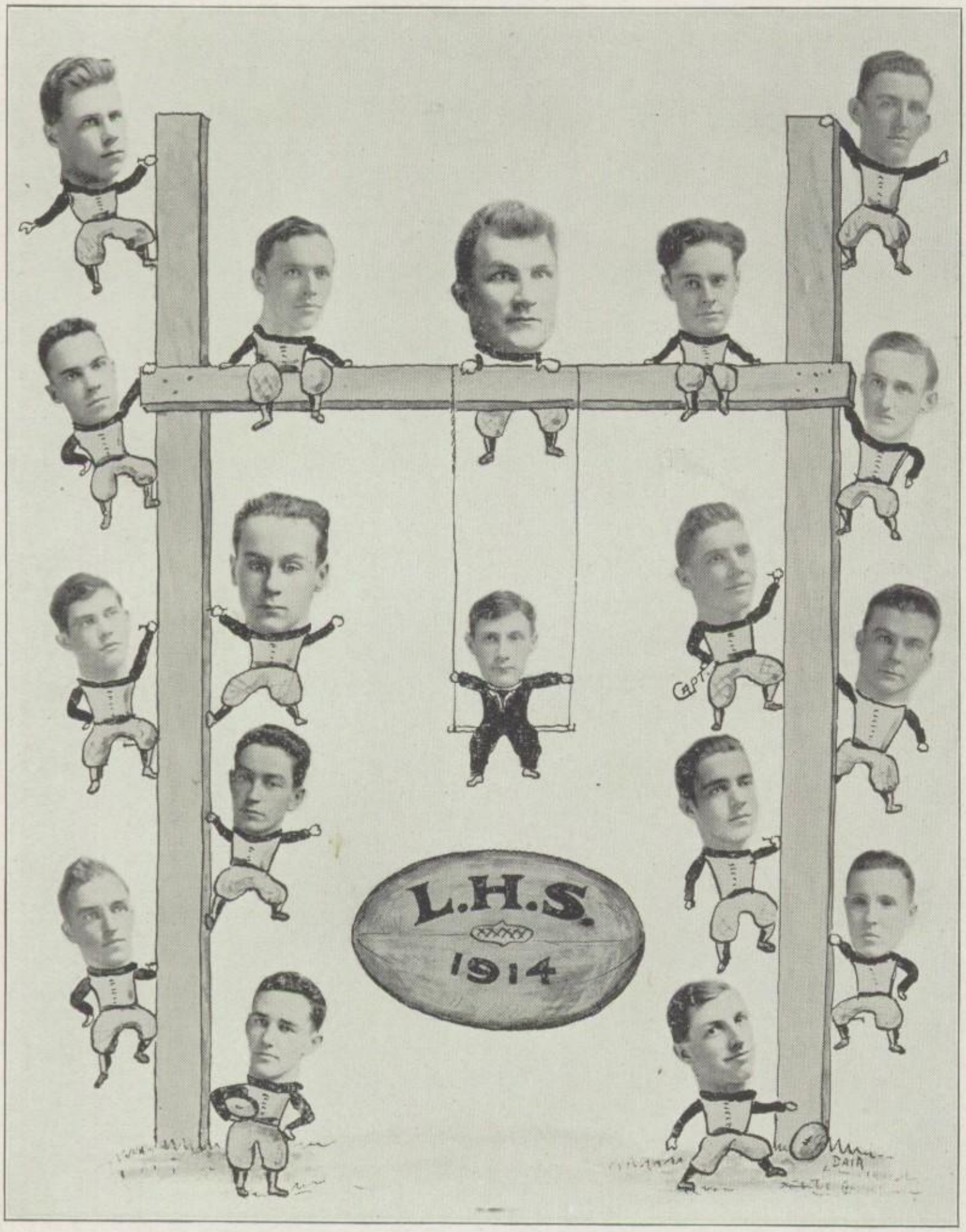
John Billingsley ..... President
Roy Easterday ..... Vice President
Walter Ward ..... Secretary
James Martin ..... Treasurer

The Executive Committee

George Porter John Billingsley Cyril Rigby
Mr. G. M. Bingham Miss Elsie A. Roberts

Managers and Captains

Howard Perkins ..... Captain of Foot Ball
George Porter ..... Manager of Basket Ball
Clarence Ball ..... Manager of Foot Ball
Cyril Rigby ..... Manager of Track, Captain of Basket Ball
Roy Easterday ..... Captain of Track


L.H.S.
1914
CAPT.

Football

Here's to Lisbon High School
And here's to her foot-ball team;
Here's to her royal colors
And here's to her name of fame.

There was Howard Perkins,
The Captain of the team;
A greater man, there never lived,
His playing was supreme.

"Jackie B." that's Billingsley,
A foot above the rest;
And when we did those tackle bucks,
Our Jackie did the rest.

And then there's "Cappie" Lewis,
A splendid Guard was he;
Upon the frames of fallen men,
He jumped with horrid glee.

"Brute" Hepburn filled the Center's place;
A bone-head sure was he;
But ne'er the less, we'll just suggest
He fitted to a "T".

"Red" and Ward played side by side,
They played there side by each;
What one could do, the other could
And so they fought their best.

"Riggie" played upon the team,
He played for L. H. S.;
And when he had a thing to do,
He always did his best.

"Katie" stood behind the line,
Waiting for the pass;
And when the ball came to his hands
He went just like a flash.

Porter helped as Porter would,
When Nace refused to play;
He put new vim into the team,
And so they won the day.

Two Pritchards played upon the team;
Their names you all know well.
And as they made those mighty runs,
The rooters sure would yell.

The subs they were, as all subs are,
Required to sit and watch;
And when their chance to play had come,
Their bold hearts beat with joy,
As out upon the field they pranced,
To show what they could do.

There are knockers in the High School,
We're sure they've knocked their best;
With all their knocks and fears and grins
Our team has stood the test.

Foot Ball Scores for '13

Niles	0	L. H. S.	12
E. L. H. S.	12	L. H. S.	14
Wellsville	0	L. H. S.	52
New Castle	7	L. H. S.	13
New Brighton	13	L. H. S.	7
New Castle	0	L. H. S.	17
Steubenville	52	L. H. S.	0
Ambridge Tech.	6	L. H. S.	14

C. RIGBY.

A Little More Pep

"Pep" is not found in the dictionary—it will be some day. Hard it is to define this concept "pep"—it is like thinking the unthinkable, penetrating the impenetrable, surmounting the unsurmountable.

"Pep" is what makes the hair rise on a dog's neck—it causes the cat to spit defiance from the charmed circle. Do you know a business man with "pep", successful? Why, of course!

"Pep" is what the gridiron man has who takes the ball on his own ten yard line, and tears up the field for twenty yards before he is downed.

A little "pep" wins or loses a basket-ball game. It is the difference between a good player and a poor one—have you noticed it?

The track man who has "pep" to burn will see the tape just the fraction of a second before his opponent, which means success.

"Pep" in a High School is synonymous with school spirit. Would you be proud to belong to a High School without "pep"? The Law of "Pep" holds just as truly, just as surely, whether in athletics. or business, or studies. And it is the "pep" of each individual that makes the "pep" of the High School. Why not go to class with "pep"; not "like the quarry slave scourged to his dungeon"? Try getting out your lessons with "pep"—it takes less time.

Your High School? Why, certainly! 'Twas fashioned for you, built for you, kept at a cost through the years for you. Are you BIG enough to understand the bequest? Homely indeed, but true is the saying, "It's a mean bird that protects not its own nest." Some day you will look back and say, "I love every brick in the old building". Do you grasp it NOW?

A heritage indeed we hold in fee: of games won, of records unbroken, of scholarships recognized, of larger, more handsomely-equipped, schools out-distanced. How was it done?—Why, with "pep"! How else?

Yes, we need "pep" in our High School; that spirit which is, "on your toes", for a better, a bigger, a more effective, more efficient High School in every way.

"Pat."

It's an Awful Burden to be an Athlete and Dream things Like this Poor Fellow Relates

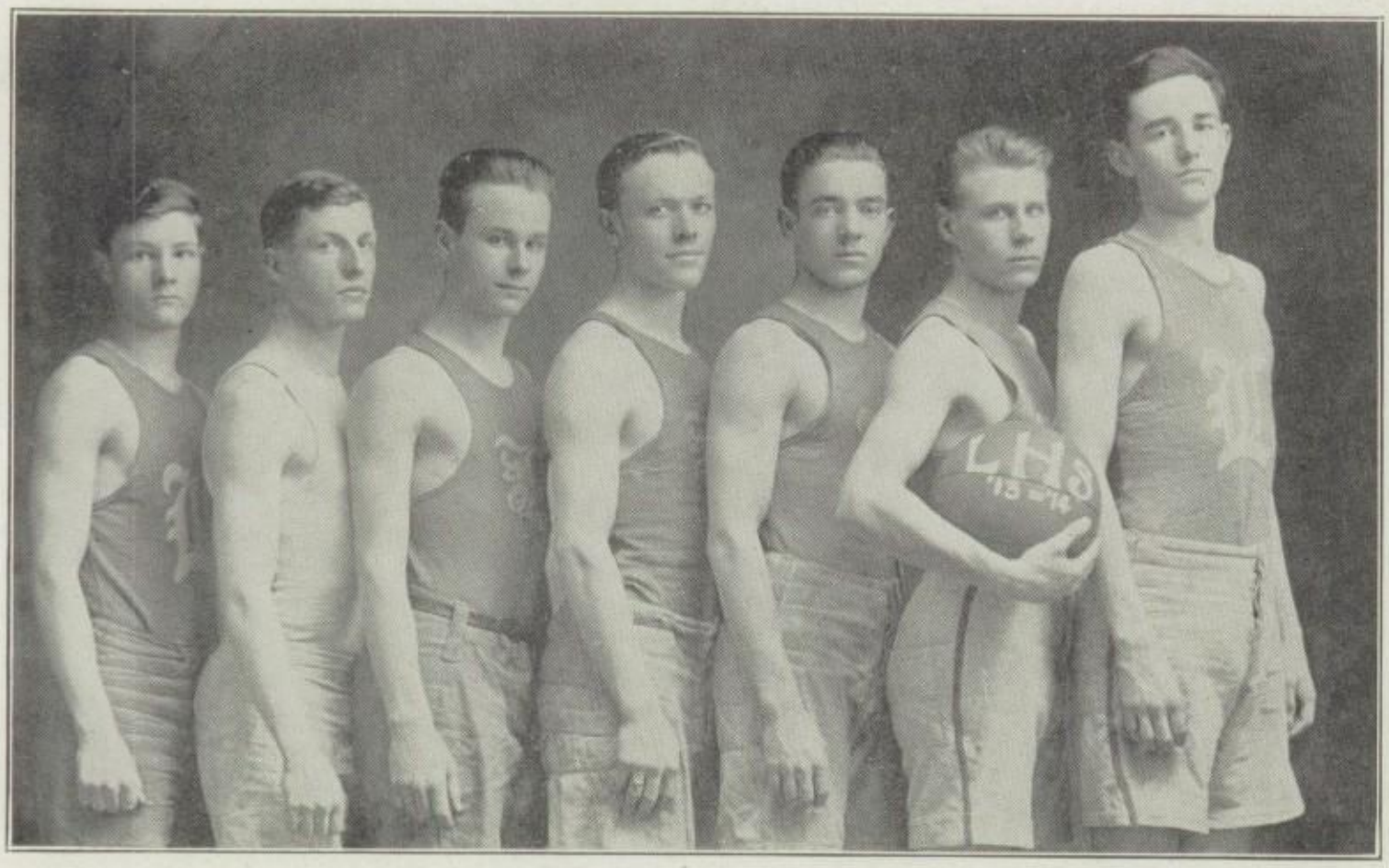
At the kickoff in the seventh inning, their third baseman booted the oval to our fullback, who got a good start on the 100-yard dash, but who kicked over a hurdle, and his record was not allowed. When the ball was put in play, one of their forwards broke through and pitched a goal from the middle of the floor. The next man up hit a hot grounder to our left tackle, who handled the pass perfectly, and threw him out at first, just as time was called for the first half.

At the beginning of the second half, the referee and umpire got into a fight, and while they were mixing it, our left half broke the record for the pole vault, going 21 feet in the fast time of 9 2-5 seconds. When the officials quit their slugging, their catcher dropped back for a bunt and kicked the horsehide to our left half, who fumbled, and the umpire called the runner safe. Their forward tried for a goal, and missed the basket by two inches, the ball traveling under the crossbar, and square over the keystone sack.

It was then two out, nobody on base, our ball on the 220-yard line, and 32 seconds left to play. I grabbed the ball and started on what looked good for three bases, but their shortstop tackled me, and I stopped short. The ball hit me in the wind and I woke up, lying in the middle of the floor, hugging a pillow and yelling "Down!"—Selected.

Braves of the Tribe of '14

Tall Timber ..... Cyril Rigby
Heap Much Noise ..... Loren Decker
Big Chief Wiseman ..... Dallas Hepburn
Noisy Wind ..... Donald Hasbrouck
Chief No Sing ..... Carl Lewton
Moon Face ..... Harry Jenkins
Big Thunder ..... Hugh Reed
Brave Fido ..... Paul Hickling
Young Brave Fond of Sleep ..... Howard Perkins
Young Man of Many Squaws ..... Aubrey Blocksom
Chief Full Length ..... Wilmer Warrick
Treaty Maker ..... George Porter
Little Chief Big Head ..... Charles Pritchard
Chief Big Shell ..... Olney Cope



"Jimmy" "Izzy" "Dove" "Squee" "Katie" "Cheesie" "Jack"

Basket Ball—'13-'14

The Lisbon High Basket Ball Season opened December 20th, with New Brighton. When the call for candidates was issued, thirty strong warriors reported for practice. But as the season went on and the work became more severe, the weak ones began to drop out, until there were ten of the best men left. There were three of the regular team left from last year and these with the help of four others, made one of the fastest and finest teams Lisbon has ever had. With team work, speed and endurance they had no equal.

Players

Left Guard—Cyril Rigby (Captain).

This was Riggie's third year for basket-ball. He turned out one of the best teams that Lisbon ever had and his record for the three years is one of which to be proud.

Left Forward—George Porter (Manager).

As a foul shooter Porter surpasses them all. He is one of the most reliable forwards Lisbon ever had and the college that gets him will be greatly benefited.

Center—John Billingsley.

This lengthy member used his height to advantage, out-jumping every center who came his way. With this year's experience he can easily make good next year.

Right Forward—Roy Easterday.

"Katie's" wonderful speed made it possible for him to be at all points of the floor at once. In dropping the ball in the basket he had no equal.

Right Guard—George Nace.

"Dike" was a close guard and also a good scorer. In spite of his weight he showed a remarable speed on the floor.

Sub-Guard—Godfrey Rigby.

This was "Dove's" first year at basket-ball but he made things lively for his opponents. He is not a sensational player and he will easily make good next year.

Sub Forward—James Guy.

This young man started the season too late to show what he really could do, but when he had a chance he made good.

Basket Ball Scores, Season '13-'14

New Brighton	6	Lisbon High	60
Homestead	5	Lisbon High	27
Ex. High	26	Lisbon High	34
Canal Dover	11	Lisbon High	49
East Palestine	8	Lisbon High	41
Steubenville	19	Lisbon High	35
New Castle	19	Lisbon High	24
Sharon	11	Lisbon High	88
Beaver Falls	18	Lisbon High	15
Ashtabula Harbor	11	Lisbon High	29
Ashtabula	31	Lisbon High	15
East Liverpool	16	Lisbon High	51
Canal Dover	9	Lisbon High	32
Prospect High	18	Lisbon High	57
Marion High	13	Lisbon High	49
Geneva High	25	Lisbon High	29
Mansfield	27	Lisbon High	22
New Castle	18	Lisbon High	62
Beaver Falls	27	Lisbon High	43
East Palestine	30	Lisbon High	18

After the Score

Here's to the game of Basket Ball
With its centers, its guards, and its forwards tall,
Its lunges, its plunges, its maddening noise,
A scrambling mass of Blue-and-White boys
Its yells, its cheers, its spasmodic screams
The straining, twisting, struggling teams.

Here's to the wonderful dash of the game,
The rushes, the passes, the plays without name;
The desperate, reckless, struggle to win,
And then at last, the ball goes in—
Then it's out and they do it once more
In a deafening din and a maddening roar.

Here's to our team and the boys who play
Who for old L. H. S. are winning the day.
May the time never come, nor you nor I see
The day when the game shall cease to be
With its centers, its guards, and its forwards tall:
A toast to the game of Basket Ball.

—Selected—D. H.

Delaware Trip

The largest Basket-ball Tournament of its kind in the United States is held each year at Ohio Wesleyan University. This tournament is attracting attention on account of its uniqueness. It was held this year on February 27th and 28th—twenty-four teams, representing the very flower in skill and endurance of all the northern half of Ohio, battled for supremacy on the floor of Edwards' gymnasium at Delaware.

Lisbon's team made a hit with the crowd in the very first game, by their speed and the first-class basket-ball they put up. Soon the query went the rounds, "Where is Lisbon?" This was followed by the more important question of how to break up the fast plays pulled off by the Blue and White aggregation. Opposing coaches puzzled over this, and one man in the audience remarked, "that bunch could show the Varsity a few tricks." President Welch and Dean Hornell of the College, came especially to see Lisbon play Geneva at 7:50 Friday eve. This game became so fast and furious that the game on the other half of the floor was stopped in order that all might watch Lisbon administer a sound trouncing to Geneva, the team that up until this time had not been beaten by any team in the state. This was in the series. So sure were people of Lisbon's taking home the cup at this time that the city editor of one of the daily papers at Delaware had his write-up all in type and had made arrangements for a picture.

A better idea may be gotten of how very near Lisbon came to winning the tournament when we understand the method of playing. The Champion was declared by a unique process of elimination; at noon Friday the following teams went home beaten: Ada, Monroville, Warren, Bowling Green, Napoleon, Findlay, Bloomville, Tiffin, Wooster, Prospect,—and still Lisbon stayed.

In the second series played Friday afternoon the following strong teams were sent home: Marion, Cleveland West, Mt. Vernon, Bellevue, Steubenville, Lima—eighteen in all—and still Lisbon remained unbeaten.

In the third series, played Friday evening, Geneva and Crestline went home with drooping feathers, Lisbon remaining and being one of the four teams to play the finals Saturday. The Lisbon, Mansfield, Lorain and Wellington teams were left.

Lisbon drew number 2 and started the preliminaries by walloping Prospect. Substitutes were played and regulars told to save up. Crowd wonders where Lisbon is. Lisbon 57, Prospect 18.

Lisbon without any effort and again with "subs" defeated Marion—crowd begins to "sit up and take notice" of Lisbon. Lisbon 49—Marion 13.

This was by far the fastest game played on the floor by any two teams, Geneva having in the estimate of those in position to know a far better team than Mansfield. The boys fought the game with every ounce of their strength and this doubtless had much to do with their defeat at the hands of Mansfield who had finished early Friday afternoon and did not play again until Saturday morning. This game was played at 7:50 Friday evening.

Score—Lisbon 29, Geneva 25.

Lisbon team—Porter, LF; Easterday, RF; Billingsley, C; Nace, LG; Rigby, RG.

Delaware Trip—Concluded

Geneva team—Hostler, LF; Lightner, RF; Marquis, C; Tressel, LG; Henry RG.

The Columbus Dispatch had the following about the game. Mansfield Saturday morning defeated Lisbon 27-22. The defeat of Lisbon was a distinct surprise as those who have followed the tourney closely considered them the best looking team in competition.

The game was a game of endurance and Mansfield was barely able to hold out against Lisbon's struggle even though she had rested since 2 P. M. the day before, while our boys had played Geneva at 7:50 P. M. on Friday. By a series of lucky shots from near the middle of the floor Lightner managed to get a big lead 18-9 on Lisbon in the first half. This was almost pure luck, but the old Blue and White went back to the second half and played with every bit of strength and with every drop of blood they had, and then they just played, on nerve, because victory was almost ours and the folks back home were counting on us. One of the boys dropped to the floor from sheer exhaustion. But the lucky lead was too great and although they brought the score up to 22-27 and were fast out-measuring the Mansfield team in the endurance, time was all too short and the whistle blew the defeat of Lisbon. Had Lisbon won this we would have undoubtedly won the championship as the only remaining game was with Lorain, which would have been very easy for Lisbon.—"Pat."

Die Schone Vergangenheit

In September neunzehn hundert neun traten ungefahr funfzig Kinder in das achte Zimmer des Schulgebaudes auf Chestnut Strasze ein. Durch das Jahr, hatten wir unser Gluck und Ungluck, aber nachdem wir das ganze Jahr schwer gestrebt[1] hatten, gab es sechs und vierzig Knaben und Madchen, die Diplome erhielton. Dann wurden wir froh, denn wir wusten das wir im Anfange[2] des nachsten Schuljahres, in die Hochschule eintreten durften. Im folgenden September, fingen wir unsere Laufbahn[3] in der Hoch Schule an.

Das Gebaude steht in Nord Markt Strasze. Man tritt durch die Straszentur in das Schulgebaude ein, und befindet[4] sich in einem kleinen Gang[5]. Drei Treppe hoch is den grosze Saal[6]. Wir haben Klassenzimmer in den zweiten und dritten Stocken[7]. Man tritt in den groszen Saal ein, und in der westen Ecke[8] des Zimmers sieht man eine Bibliothek[9] fur die Lehrer und Schuler. Diese enthalt[10] ungefahr zwei hundert Bande[11]. Ein Lesepult[12] is nahe bei der Bibliothek. Auf der Plattform steht der Schreibtisch[13] des Lehrers und sein Stuhl. Neben dem Schreibtisch findet sich das Klavier[14]. An den Wanden[15] hangen viele schone Bilder[16]; an der osten Wand ist eine grosze Pendeluhr[17], die von der Klasse 1911 gegeben wurde. Elf Fenster lassen in die Stube genugend Licht und Luft.

In unsrem ersten Jahre studierten wir Englisch, Lateinish, Algebra und Geschichte des Englands. Im Zweiten hatten wir Englisch, geschichte der Welt, Lateinish, Deutsch und Geometrie. In unsern dritten und vierten Jahren, brauchten wir fast dieselben Facher. Die Knaben hatten immer Geschichte und Naturwissenschaften[18] am besten, wahrend die Madchen, Deutsch, Lateinish und Englisch gern hatten.

Die traurigsten[19] Tage von dem ganzen Jahre mussen kommen, denn unser Laufbahn[20] ist gelaufen. Wir haben dieses Jahr in unsrer Klasse zwei und dreizig Mitglieder[21], die einen Kursus errungen haben, und veillicht wird es allen viel leid tun, die liebe Stelle[22] zu verlassen. Die Klasse musz sich verabschieden[23] und am Abend des dritten Juni mussen wir alle Lebewohl[24] sagen.

1. Struggled.
2. Beginning.
3. Career.
4. Finds one's self.
5. Hall.
6. Assembly room.
7. Stories.
8. Corner.
9. Library.
10. Contains.
11. Volumes.
12. Reading Table.
13. Writing desk.
14. Piano.
15. Walls.
16. Picture.
17. Clock.
18. Science.
19. Saddest
20. Course.
21. Members.
22. Place.
23. Separate.
24. Farewell.

(No Umlet Characters)

MILDRED DEEMER, '14.

The Unexpected Happens

Farmer Turnipseed had decided to buy another cow and hearing that Neighbor Brown had a good Holstein to sell, he thought he would take a look at her. So he walked over there one warm spring afternoon, inspected the cow and paid what he considered a rather fancy price. As he was turning into the highway, he remembered that he had forgotten to ask Brown how he was going to vote at the next election. So he tied Bossy to a telephone pole and walked back up the lane. This did not bother Bossy in the least and she meandered around chewing grass and her cud, until, the chain by which she was fastened permitting it, she crossed the street car track that ran on one side of the road. Soon a trolley appeared which crossed the chain and whizzed on its way out of sight and hearing. Whatever feelings the aforesaid animal may have experienced as the car crossed the chain we do not know, because she did not tell us, being a very reticent cow. Eventually she was led home, placed in the barn and the hired man Seth was sent out to milk her. When a child he had seen a cow in a traveling circus, so he was not very much afraid of this one and sat down to milk, when presto! he came into sudden and violent contact with the opposite side of the barn. No, gentle reader, he did not hit it. This is far too mild a term for what Seth did. Convinced that the cow had kicked, our hero picked up his pail and pedal extremities and approached the meek creature. The encore was then given with a little variation, for Seth was aimed at the barn door which he forcefully opened. A friendly corn-crib stopped his aerial journey and the stars having disappeared, he realized that his hair had risen to the occasion and that his skin had goose-fleshed until it bore a strong resemblance to sandpaper. Immediately he ran leisurely towards the house, not because he was frightened but because he was an energetic hired-man. Something unusual! As his hair began to lie down, his speech returned and he told the farmer that he had been thrown across the barn.

Mr. Turnipseed remonstrated with him for trying to ride a new cow but Seth cut him short by saying that he had merely started to milk her. When the farmer suggested that he might have been kicked, Seth was sure he had not, for he had not felt the cow's hoof.

So the farmer and the hired man went to the barn together. By this time it was getting dark and they could see sparks coming from the cow. Mr. Turnipseed, after much laborious thought, came to the theory that the cow was full of electricity. Acting on this supposition, he put on non-conductive gloves and milked the creature. The next morning Mrs. Turnipseed, as soon as her necessary work was done, went over to visit her sister on the pretext of borrowing a cup of sugar. When she had recovered her breath from her long walk, she commenced: "The baby smashed his crib into kindling wood and little Mary lifted a pail of water as easily as if it had been a quart bucket. Land, it was just wonderful what that milk does." Seeing the bewilderment on her sister's face she hastened to explain; and after telling all she knew of Bossy's electrification, ended up with this miracle: "And father, who hasn't lifted his hand for two years, went out and pulled up a good-sized apple tree after drinking the milk."

Moral: Buy an electric cow.

WINIFRED PELLETT, '14.

Lisbon Girls' Basket Ball Scores

Season '13-'14

Leetonia	8	Lisbon	11
Alliance	44	"	4
C. C. Girls	1	"	48
Alliance	14	"	12
E. Palestine	12	"	23
Carrollton	19	"	23
Steubenville	12	"	6
Leetonia	10	"	27
Steubenville	3	"	12

Girls' Basket Ball—Season '13-'14

The Girls' Basket Ball Team of '13-'14, representing Lisbon High School, will be remembered as one of the fastest and smallest Lisbon has so far produced. It was organized under the supervision of Cyril Rigby. The candidates began practice and worked with untiring efforts for two months before the first game was played. This game was on New Year's Day with the Leetonia High Girls and resulted in a victory for Lisbon.

The team wishes the "Olympian" to thank the faculty manager, Miss Kingman, and all who in any way assisted them throughout the basket-ball season.

The Team

Left Guard—Hilda Rigby (Captain).

"Kidder" played left guard and was one of the fastest Lisbon ever had. This was her third year and also her best.

Right Guard—Lucille Bradbury.

"Peach" played good basket-ball all through the season but she never exerted herself more than was necessary.

Center—Virginia Adams.

"Gig" is one of the best centers the Lisbon girls ever had. This was her third year and she was always in the game and quick to take advantage of her opponent.

Right Forward—Mary Stockman.

"Ruff" was the best foul shooter for the girls and many times her skill was equal to that of a boy. She played a good game at forward.

Left Forward—Effie White.

"Tilly" could always be depended upon when she was needed. She played her best game of the season at Columbiana.

Left Forward—Mabel James.

"Spitzie" was not out all the season, but when she played she always gave her audience a great surprise.

Subs—Loraine Cope, Marie Fraser and Clara Ferrall.

All deserve mention for their fine work when they were given a chance to show what they could do.

The Forecast

It was a dark, threatening day in September and a cold mist enveloped the buildings and people. Several students were standing in a sheltered place discussing the past and future of Lisbon High's athletics.

First Student—Talking about athletics, what do you think they have for next year in foot-ball?

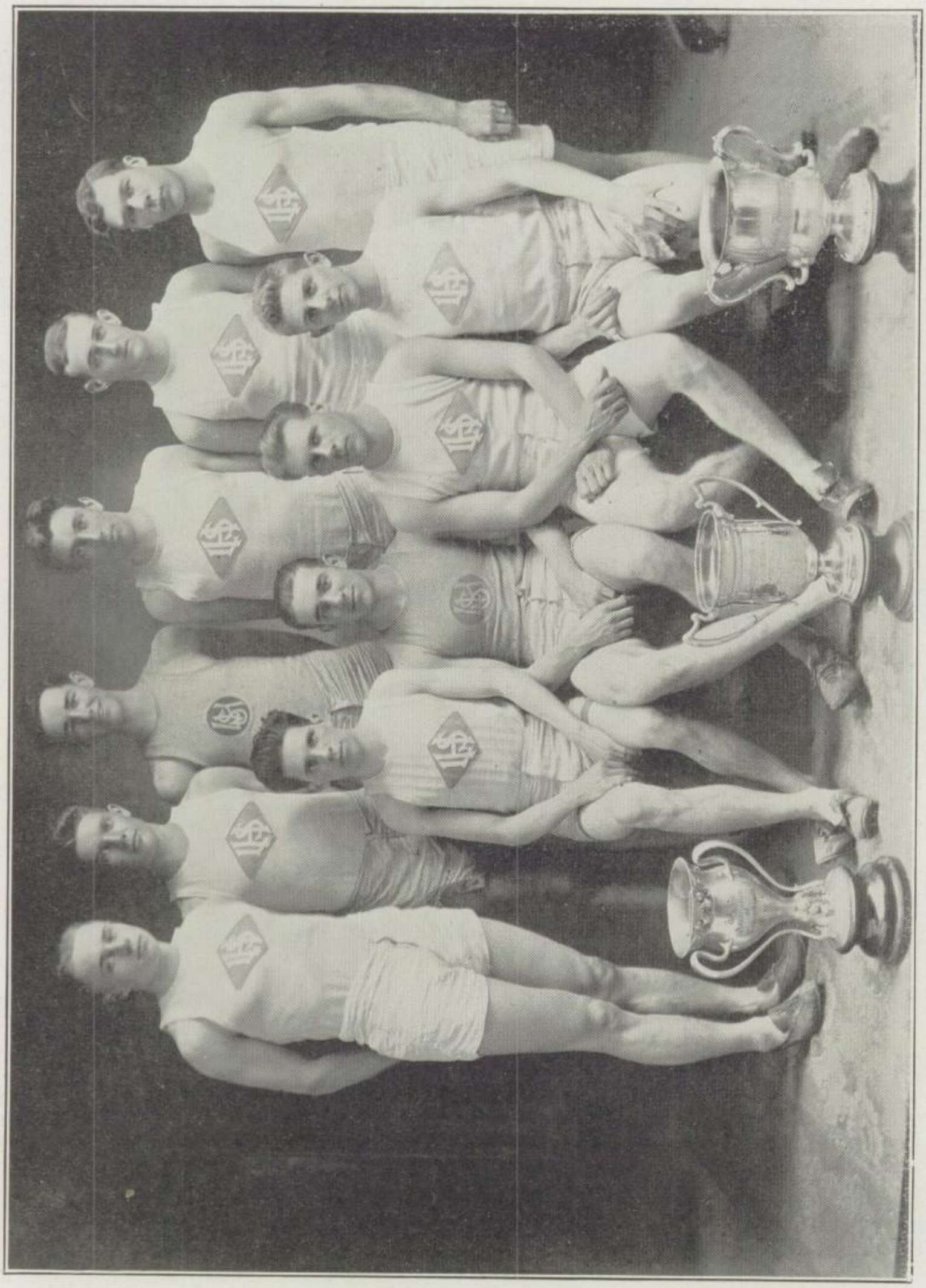
Second Student—Well, if the fellows take care of themselves and work as they always have, they will have as good a team as ever.

First Student—How about basket-ball?

Second Student—Ah! don't talk about it, they have nearly a regular team now and with the experience they got at Delaware they ought to turn out a successful team.

First Student—And track?

Second Student—The same as always. Lisbon has never had a team until the day of the meet and then she is the only one on the field.



The Preliminary Field Meet

'Midst a sea of mud and water the preliminary was held May eleventh at the Fair Grounds. Many stalwart athletes who had trained for the past weeks, came forth to try their ability.

The events were run in the order they will come in the meet. With Dr. Steele in charge, and capable assistants, all went very smoothly. Easterday proved the star of the afternoon, placing in nine events, with five firsts and four seconds. Beaver showed old-time form and came through with five firsts and one second. Billingsley totalled three firsts, one second and a third. Nace showed up well in the sprints and finished first in the hundred-yard dash, second in the 220-yard dash and third in the hammer throw. Rigby, who won the running and standing broad jumps last year, was off form, getting third in both events, but landed second in the shot put and discus throw. The following will uphold the colors of Lisbon High in the Meet: Easterday, Beaver, Rigby, Billingsley, Nace, Warrick, March, Charles Pritchard, Decker, and Perkins.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS:—

220-Yard Hurdle—1st, Easterday; 2nd, Billingsley; 3rd, C. Pritchard.
High Jump—1st, Beaver; 2nd, March; 3rd, Hartman.
100-Yard Dash—1st, Nace; 2nd, Beaver; 3rd, Hasbrouck.
Pole Vault—1st, Easterday; 2nd, March; 3rd, Perkins.
Half Mile—1st, Decker; 2nd, Perkins; 3rd, Cope.
50-Yard Dash—1st, Beaver; 2nd, Easterday; 3rd, Hasbrouck.
Running Broad—1st, Beaver; 2nd, Easterday; 3rd, Rigby.
440-Yard Dash—1st, Billingsley; 2nd, Easterday; 3rd, C. Pritchard.
Hammer Throw—1st, Easterday; 2nd, Warrick; 3rd, Nace.
220-Yard Dash—1st, Billingsley; 2nd, Nace; 3rd, Riddle.
Standing Broad—1st, Beaver; 2nd, March; 3rd, Rigby.
Mile Run—1st, Decker; 2nd, Perkins.
Shot Put—1st, Easterday; 2nd, Rigby; 3rd, Billingsley.
Discus—1st, Easterday; 2nd, Rigby; 3rd, Warrick.
Mile Relay—1st, Billingsley; 2nd, Easterday; 3rd, C. Pritchard; 4th, Decker; 5th, Rigby.

Starter—Dr. J. F. Steele. Judges—Hum, Johnson, Ourant.

Throwing the Javelin will be one of the new features of this year's meet. By an unanimous vote of the contesting schools the event was added to the field program. Owing to the breaking of the Javelin the day before the "Prelim" it was impossible to have this event, but contestants for the meet will be selected before the County Meet.

Nace not only showed those present that he could step pretty lively along the lanes but also gave an excellent exhibition of fancy diving when he slipped and took a "header" at the crack of the pistol in the 50-yard dash. Had this not happened Nace would have made them "go some" to beat him.

Hasbrouck, without any training, decided on the day of the "Prelim" that he would try for the team. "Hasie" was going fine in the 220-yard hurdle race until he came within 50 yards of the tape, where he weakened and contributed to the afternoon's amusement by taking two beautiful "spills" similar to Nace's.

There were only two out for the mile run so it was not necessary to have this event.

As the "Olympian" goes to press everything is being put in readiness for the annual Columbiana County Field Meet which will be held in Lisbon Saturday, May 16th. Lisbon High has won the meet for eight consecutive years and, although the weather conditions have been a severe handicap, prospects for another victory this year are of the brightest. As a reward for this splendid record the school possesses two large "Trophy Cups" and two years on the third which will also belong to old Lisbon High should victory be ours this year. It is really marvelous the success that has smiled upon the track teams of Lisbon High, but they are deserving of it all owing to their superiority over the opposing teams and the diligence with which they go about their training.

The financial condition of our Athletic Association will not permit our sending the team to compete in outside meets but each year several members of the team finance their own trips, to meets held by the colleges in which all first class High Schools are entered. It was the desire of the members of last year's team to enter the High School meet May 16th under the auspices of Mount Union College, but this was impossible as the County Meet was scheduled for this date and to make the change would have been a heavy loss to the County Association. However, Mount Union was so anxious to have Lisbon's entry that they sent a representative to Lisbon offering to bear all expenses if the meet was changed to another date. A determined effort, by five of the seven County schools to have a meeting called to consider changing the date of the Meet, was brought to an abrupt close by the President, who was of a rather obdurate mind, and who positively refused to call a meeting of the executive committee, so the date of the County Meet stands.

On account of the early publication of the "Olympian" it is impossible to give an account of the meet.

Senior Farewell Address

Four years ago our class came into this High School as Freshies, conceited in knowledge and dedicated to the proposition that all brains were divided equal. But now we have seen by hard exams and snap quizzes that one must strive to endure. We have now come to graduation night, where we received our sheep skins for the noble efforts we have put forth that our education might live. It is necessary and proper that we do this. But we cannot dedicate, we cannot imitate this school, for the industrious students who have left here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. We may little note nor long remember what we learned here but the Faculty will never forget the mischief we have done here. It is for us, the Seniors, to be dedicated here to the noble work we have thus far advanced and for the Freshies to be dedicated to the great task remaining before them, that they from these dignified Seniors, take increased hope for that cause to which they gave their last four years.

We here resolve that our work shall not have been in vain; that the school under Bingham shall have a new birth of freedom; that this school for the Freshies, by the Faculty and with the Athletes shall not perish from the earth.

'14

"They Played Ball"

With Cigar in the Box and Smallpox Catching.

(The office devil is likely responsible for the following. It was found on the editor's desk yesterday and for want of room in the waste-basket was thrown into this column to kill space.)

The game opened with Molasses at the stick and Small-Pox catching. Cigar was in the box with plenty of smoke. Horn on first base and Fiddle on second, backed by Corn in the field made it hot for Umpire Apple who was rotten. Ax came to bat and chopped, Cigar let Brick and Sawdust fill the bases. Song made a hit and Twenty made a score. Cigar went out and Balloon started to pitch but went straight up. Then Cherry tried it but was wild. Old Ice kept cool in the game until he was hit by a pitched ball, then you ought to have heard Ice scream. Cabbage had a good head and kept quiet. Grass covered lots of ground in the field and the crowd cheered when Spider caught the fly. Bread loafed on third and pumped Organ who played fast and put Light out. In the fifth inning Wind began to blow about what he could do. Hammer began to knock and Trees began to leave. The way they roasted Peanuts was a sight. Knife was put out for cutting first base. Lightning finished pitching the game and struck out three men. In the ninth Apple told Fiddle to take his base. Oats was shocked, then Song made another hit. Trombone made a slide and Meat was put out on the plate. There was lots of betting but Soap cleaned up. The score was one to nothing. Door said if he had pitched he would have shut them out.

Is There?

Breathes there a kid with
  Soul so flat
Whene'er has grabbed his
  Faithful bat
To play a game of
  One old cat,
And got his trousers
  Spanked at that,
For making home plate
  Of his hat?

If such there be, go
  Mark him well
For him you need no
  Curfew bell.
For him you need nor
  Tear nor sigh—
That kid's an angel
  In the skies.

Latest Inventions

"Dear teacher, please excuse me,
The reason I am late,
Is 'cause I started later
Than a quarter after eight."

"Dear teacher, please excuse me,
For being late once more,
'Cause we had lots of company;
And I was up till four."

"Dear teacher, please excuse me,
The horrid street car balked,
And really, I'm quite out of breath,
For three whole blocks I walked."

"Dear teacher, please excuse me,
You see, my mother's sick,
And when it came to housework,
I had to do the trick."

"Dear teacher, please excuse me,
You see, our clock is slow,
And when the town-clock sounded eight,
I didn't hear, you know."

"Dear teacher, please excuse me,
It's all the fault of Fate;
When I don't get here just on time,
I'm tardy 'cause I'm late."

These inventions are fully copyrighted under the existing laws of the United High School Excuse Society, and no one is allowed to use them without first having obtained permission from the President.—Ananias Tardiness.

—Selected

Freshmen surprised the Sophomores in the meet May 14th, by overcoming a 43-13 lead. Final score Freshmen, 74; Sophomores, 57.

MUSIC
DRAMATICS
HAROLD FREW '13

Junior Play

It is with a pleasant thrill that we speak of the operetta rendered so successfully by the class of '14 on the evening of June 3rd, 1913.

To all Lisbon people it is an established fact that the Junior Class of L. H. S. will stage some high-class drama or operetta. The beauty of our play, "Bulbul" lay in the fact that each class member could have some part in it.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Iamit ..... George Porter
Bulbul ..... Virginia Miller
Caspian ..... Donald Hasbrouck
Ida ..... Hilda Rigby
Lilla ..... Ariel Gailey
Alain ..... Charles Pritchard
Dosay ..... Marcus Pritchard
Justso ..... Howard Perkins

MAIDS OF HONOR.

Gladys Sanor, Mildred Deemer, Myra Halverstadt, Olive Culler, Carolyn Pitzer, Anna Helman, Ida Rogers.

FRIENDS OF CASPIAN.

Dallas Hepburn, Cyril Rigby, Roy Easterday, Paul Hickling, Jay Forse, Harry Jenkins, Aubrey Blocksom.

HOUSE MAIDS.

Myra Halverstadt, Gladys Sanor, Olive Culler, Clara Ferrall, Carolyn Pitzer, Mae McCormick.

Orchestra

"All great things have small beginnings." This has proven true in the history of the High School Orchestra.

Last year the faculty were desirous of having a good orchestra but their efforts were seemingly vain, though not so in reality; for it placed the idea in the minds of our youthful musicians so that this year when the call was given, several of the "budding hopes" of the musical world came forth and organized under the leadership of Harry White. Their first efforts were none too harmonious, but instead of being discouraged they became determined to show the people of Lisbon what sort of stuff they were made of and it is needless to say that they did. Of course a great deal of credit should go to the leader for his patience and untiring efforts.

On the night of the contest they rendered such music as would please the most critical listener, and indeed made all members of Lisbon High School proud of this newly-fledged organization.

Harry White, '10—Bass Viol.....Director
Pianist .....Jay Forse
First Violin.....James Martin
First Violin.....Harold Babington
Second Violin.....Frank Hennacy
Mandolin .....Cyril Rigby
Mandolin .....Charles Pritchard
Cornet .....Wilmer Warrick
Cello .....George Porter

Kubelik Khoral Klub

One of the most rousing organizations of the High School is its Khoral Klub. Until this year music was only a dormant factor in Lisbon High. However, the students responded readily when the leader started the work and out of that mass of unblended voices he brought forth harmony.

The first public appearance of the Kubelik Khoral Klub was in the Opera House where a very pretty Christmas Cantata was rendered. The soloists, Loraine Underwood, Ruth Atterholt, Myra Halverstadt, Harry March, Paul Beaver, Frank Pritchard, and Donald Hasbrouck, were ably supported by a chorus composed of fourteen girls and eight boys, Elva Buckley assisting at the piano. On the evening of the same day another cantata entitled "The Hope of the World," was given. At the close of the entertainment people were profuse with their compliments for the leader, Prof. G. M. Bingham, and his Khoral Klub.

On several other occasions the Khoral Klub has figured prominently, the most pleasing of these being the production of "Italia" and "Springtime," at the Lisbon Theater for Miss Leah King's Recital.

Indeed the hearts of those interested in the welfare of L. H. S. must swell with pride at the mere mention of the Kubelik Khoral Klub.

Junior Play—1915

The class of 1915 presented the operetta, "A Nautical Knot," in the Lisbon Theater on the evening of May 8th. The following is the cast of characters:

Julia, the haughty Belle of Barnstapoole.....Loraine Underwood
Nance, her friend—A gentle damsel.....Lucile Young
Barnabas Lee, the stalwart mate of the "Bounding Billow"..Frank Pritchard
Bill Salt, an ancient mariner and boatswain.....Harry March

Jim Spray.....	Sailors aboard the "Bounding Billow"	....Carl Bowman
Ned Bluff		....Walter Ward
Jack Brace ...		.....Wyllys Fox
Delia	Barnstapoole Girls	Irene Handelsman
Daisy		.....Mabel James
Dora		..Elizabeth Heller

Chorus:—Barnstapoole girls, sailors, artists and townspeople.

This is the third operetta by the joint authors, Maude E. Inch and Wm. Rhys-Herbert, given in Lisbon High in different years, the others being "Sylvia" and "Bulbul."

The Junior Program has come to be one of the interesting events of the High School which is looked forward to each year with anticipation and pleasure by both the townspeople and the students. The first to take up this work was in the class of 1910 who in 1909 presented "The Merchant of Venice Up-to-Date." This drew a large crowd of people and was well presented by the class. The 1911 class gave to the public the delightful and pleasing comic opera, "The Captain of Plymouth," with such a success that it has been difficult to excel it.

In the following year the class of 1912, not having enough musical talent to give an opera, undertook Shakepeare's "Julius Caesar." This was heavy but played well. The class of '13 greatly pleased the public with "Midsummer Night's Dream," but when it came to '14 that class put on a comic opera, entitled "Bulbul." This can be called a rival of "The Captain of Plymouth." The solos were well selected and the whole operetta from the first reflected great credit on the class.

Too much commendation cannot be given Mr. Bingham whose untiring efforts have been the real success of the plays thus far.

A Senior's Dream

ONE ACT DRAMA.

Scene 1—(Satan's Throne Room in Hades.)

Enter Senior.

Sen. (Bowing to Satan) And now at last you have me.

Dev. Ah, yes, old top, thou art mine. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Sen. But why was I sent to you?

Dev. Why! Think. Often in the past when there was the devil to pay, you paid him. When the eloquence of silence reigned supreme in your Assembly Room of L. H. S., did you not disturb it?

Sen. (Pitifully) Yes.

Dev. When you were forbidden to talk, you heeded not. Did you not often disturb the fair damsels and try your teacher's patience by chewing gum.

Sen. And for that I am to remain here forever?

Dev. Forever.

Sen. (Aside) Oh! why did I not mind? Why did I not study? Oh! Oh! Oh!

Dev. Now in return for your past favors I'll grant you a single boon. 'Tis anything you ask.

Sen. (Thoughtfully) I only ask that I may "Reconsider."

Curtain.

D. W. H., '14

Compliments of

LISBON HIGH SCHOOL

1914	MAY					1914
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					SCHOOL	WORK
SUNDAY SCHOOL	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	TEST	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	WORK
SUNDAY SCHOOL	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	TEST	WORK
SCHOOL WORK	SCHOOL	EXAM	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	WORK
STUDY MORE STUDY	SCHOOL	SCHOOL	EXAM	SCHOOL	TEST	WORK (NO HOLIDAY)

Calendar

Calendar

SEPTEMBER.

2—Three score or more of Freshies. Tall and short, lean and fleshy.
3—Faculty spends the noon hour becoming acquainted.
4—A warm reception given to the Freshmen—complaints of being unable to sit down.
5—Ariel appears and gazes longingly at Chester's old seat.
8—All friendly groups are separated. Myra weeps as she leaves Don's side but promises to write each period.
9—Once-a-month chapel schedule. Becoming slightly confused, Mr. Lafferty drops his books.
10—Yea, Ho. A sailor is in our midst. Charles Pritchard returns from the sea.
11-12—Home-coming week. Miss Roberts opens her heart and dismisses school early.
15—Forse quits shaving on Wednesday night because he isn't going "fussing" any more.
16—Some play "hook" and some do not.
17-18—Very "Fair Days."
19—Sounds of taffy in the air.
22—A. M. Blocksom leaves our midst. P. M. Perkins accompanies him.
23—Harry Jenkins turns the clothes wringer for Mrs. McCaskey. Getting in practice.
24—Seniors are impressed by their duty as shining examples to the lower classmen.
26—Mr. Murphy is looking for a house.
27—Football season opens.—Niles 0, Lisbon 12.
29—In Physics Lab. Don: Give me a hair, Myra, I have none to spare.
30—Groans of dismay arise when monthly report cards are given.

OCTOBER.

1—Everybody turns over a new leaf.
2—C. Rigby imparts the information that he would weigh four pounds on the moon.
3—Literary memories of by-gone meetings.
4—E. Liverpool 12, Lisbon 14. C. Pritchard and M. Deemer go fussing.
6—Mr. Murphy looks for a house.
7—Jimmy argues, but all in vain; he goes to the office just the same.
8—Great "hubbub" is caused by V. Burneson and L. McCormick.
9—Freshies hold a surprise party and are in turn surprised.
10—Murphy still looking. Implores aid of Miss Kingman and Miss Davis.
11—Rain. Wellsville 0, Lisbon 51.
13—Columbus Day. Holiday.

14—The bird-house on the square is recommended to the groom-to-be, but he fears the altitude is too high.
15—Organization of the "Kubelik Khoral Klub."
16—Seniors hold a reunion at Rigby's. After lunch Mr. Murphy becomes convinced that there are two moons.
17—We hear an address by Mr. Roberts of Ohio Wesleyan.
18—New Castle 7, L. H. S. 13.
20—Mr. Bingham assures English IV. class that they could rise twenty-five mornings a week and see a beautiful dawn on each.
21—Bob VanFossan is caught flirting with Vida Perkins. Ze enfant terrible!
22—Literary in which the Seniors alone shine.
23—Geology class is introduced to the "Lost Interval," companion to the "Lost Chord."
24—Nothing happens but we eat three meals a day just the same.
25—Hiram 13, Bethany 0. Rain, but lots of excitement.
26—Hiram students view our town.
27—Mr. Murphy continues his search for a house.
28—Charles Pritchard gives a whist and tango party in honor of his newly intended.
29—Lost, strayed, or stolen—Books of all descriptions.
30—"Gig" Adams quits Geology, but stranger things have happened.
31—Beware! For to-night harrowing deeds will be committed. It's Hallowe'en.

NOVEMBER.

1—New Brighton was used to the ploughed field, so won from L. H. S. 12 to 7.
3—Dutch Lunch—cheese, pretzels, and pickles in abundance.
4—Football team and a delegation of Senior girls are banqueted at Easterday's.
5—Mr. Bingham's stony heart is melted by sight of a student's tears.
6—Not a very important day.
7—We have an extra study after dismissal because everybody was bad.
8—New Castle experiences defeat at hands of L. H. S. 17-0.
9—"Dr. Love" has a new case. "Block" braves snow and ice to see Edith R.
10—Ten feet of snow, Janitor unable to dig building out, consequently no school.
11—Faculty snow-bound. Miss Sadie walks a barb-wire fence to get to the car-line.
12—Extra! Nell Crawford is assisted down the hill by an ex-High friend.
13—Miss Kingman's hair—Great is the divide thereof.
14—Freshmen hold a Literary and are obliged to have their hat-bands enlarged, in consequence.
15—To be or not to be. Our foot-ball game with East Liverpool cancelled at last.
17—L. H. S. sends an expression of sympathy to E. L. H. S. via Porter and Ward.

18—The front of the room received additional adornment in the shape of J. Forse and M. Pritchard.
19—Frank P. re-appears after an unavoidable absence of three days caused by incurring Miss Roberts' wrath.
20—Miss Margaret Gray arrives in town to inspect her future home.
21—Great liberality is shown by Mr. G. M. Bingham. He tips the boot-black with a penny.
22—Steubenville wallops the football team 51-0 while the mayor attends to the referee.
24—Harry goes to the dentist's with Margaret to catch her when she faints.
25—Dallas is still trying to figure out why Myra wouldn't let him come up on Sunday night.
26—High School Orchestra agonizes in chapel.
27—Ambridge-Tech. takes the 14-6 defeat good-naturedly.
28—No school. Albert Johnson will recover from Thanksgiving effects.
29—Only 25 days 'till Christmas.

DECEMBER.

1—Miss Roberts experiences trouble in distinguishing Miss Todd from her sister.
2—Walter Ward gets lost on the way from the photographer's to the school building so makes a late appearance.
3—First basket-ball practice. J. Kinnear again reports for duty.
4—Terrible tragedy! Joe Clunk shoots the faculty,—with his camera.
5—Senior dog show. "Hasie" introduces Mr. Bronte and his dog, McCormick.
8—Glee Club, after which Lucille Y. can't find a "single" man, so she accompanies Gladys and Frank, thinking they need a chaperon.
9—Prize fight on the front lawn. "Dike" Nace vs. the foot-ball team.
10—Foot-ball L's awarded.
11—Murphy counts the days till Xmas.
12—Hilda reports that her "sore neck" is better.
15—Many yawns. Signs of fussing.
16—Mr. Moses entertains at the noon hour.
17—Forse is worried. "Will I graduate or will I not?"
18—Hepburn appears with an L and a new sweater coat.
19—A. M. More torture. Glee Club sings.
22—Vacation.

JANUARY.

1—Wherein the hero gets hooked up and his trouble begins.
5—Fearing a ride, Pat refuses to unlock the door when serenaded by L. H. S. K. K. Klub.
6—"Where have our bass and alto gone?" the Khoral Klub doth cry.

7—Ball gets excited; breaks the glass in the door.
But we're not surprised, he has done it before.
8—The Chicago Ladies' Orchestra entertains.
9—Now the semester is near to an end.
Let's turn a new leaf and our conduct amend.
12—Exams. Too busy cramming to write.
14—Juniors decide that if by any chance Miss Roberts omitted any point covered during the year, from the History exam, they will gladly return for an evening session.
19—New schedule. "Confusion reigns."
20—Freshmen could have a real good menagerie judging by the sounds which fill the air when the teacher is absent.
21—The weary hours they go so slow,
Because to-night we'll fussing go.
22—The morning after the night before,
We vow we'll stay so late no more.
23—Nace plucks his "Peach" in the garden of Love.
26—If Cyril wanted an "Olive", would he be "Forsed" to Blocksom(e) other fellow's hopes? (That's too seedy; get that Rigbe?)
27—The Blow has fallen. Forse will be with L. H. S. next year.
28.—Hilda confesses that her favorite name is—oh, we must not tell that.
29—The Seniors will have some peace now. Their pins have arrived.
30—No one should worry about the lack of fire drills. We are all too green to burn, anyway.

FEBRUARY.

2—One of the seven wonders—"Gig" Adams translating German.
4—Miss Roberts loses her temper for the tenth time to-day.
5—We are informed that when Mr. Murphy is grouchy, he was grading papers the night before. He has been grouchy ever since he was married.
6—A strain of music, faint as if from the harp of an angel, is heard, but proves to be a music box in Decker's desk.
9—Myra feels sad. Frank has not yet returned from Hiram.
10—We are regaled by a vivid description of the B. B. Team's exciting experiences in Ashtabula Harbor.
12—Hasie and Charlie make a date for eight o'clock and sit on the curbstone till ten o'clock, waiting. Zero weather.
13—Tag day. Pay a quarter and get a tag.
16—Miss Kingman: "O girls, the snow was so deep on High Street last night that a Crow picked me up and carried me."
17—Freshies get real peeved when some Seniors insist on visiting their party.
18—Literary meetings are ended.
20—The unexpected is always happening. We are again dismissed early.
26—Basket Ball Team leaves for Delaware. They ALMOST get the state championship.

MARCH.

3—"While the cat's away the mice will play." Murphy takes Miss Davis to hear Dr. Miles.

4—The school is honored with a talk by Dr. Miles.

5—Miss Davis tries the new sanitary roller towel, but thinks it a failure.

6—Lisbon trims New Castle to the time of 62-18. We now have a reputation to sustain.

9—Senior girls decide to wear sailor suits for Commencement. Boys almost decide to wear overalls and blouses.

10—Miss Kingman discovers that the alarm clock in the Assembly room is a repeater.

11—Girls play Leetonia at Columbiana.

16—Annual Literary Contest. Adelphians carry off honors in the debate.

17—All nationalities but the Irish celebrate St. Patrick's Day. They don't need to.

19—Frank is sick. Myra goes to see him; he suffers a relapse.

20—Physics class barricades itself in Lab., during absence of Mr. Murphy.

23—Sophs have a skating party.

25—The great question: How to account for the mysterious disappearance of test paper.

27—Mae McCormick has a narrow escape when a book explodes in her hands. For further information apply to Miss Roberts.

APRIL.

1-4—Nothing doing. We never work in vacation.

6—In physics Lab. Winifred: "Mr. Murphy, is that pointing to zero?" Mr. M.: "Yes, don't you see it is pointing at Olive?"

7—Hugh Reed is going to be an old maid school teacher. He said so himself.

9—Miss Davis comes to school all "fussed" up.

13—The spring feeling gets Jimmie Kinnear. He reads a flower seed catalogue.

15—Cupid, the little blind God, has an understudy. Harvey Everett wears a bandage over his eyes because they will not behave.

17—Everybody writes note books.

20—Cold as—the north pole.

21—Margaret McC., discussing the Mexican situation: "Isn't it awful? Every boy over nineteen has to go to war."

22—Some of the enthusiastic Shakespearean Seniors attend the tragedy of Hamlet in Cleveland.

27—Blue Monday.

28—Margaret reads "The House Beautiful." Harry is all smiles.

29—Murphy gets "balled up" in Physics.

30—"Cappy" Lewis buys a box of "love tablets."

MAY.

4—Winifred: I don't see why you laugh at everything I say whether it is serious or not.
6—American Beauty roses decorate the desk in Room One.
7—"Hank" Fox wears one.
8—Juniors play "The Nautical Knot".
11—Preliminary Field Meet.
12—Mr. Bingham asks that the students all be quiet during chapel. Question: Will the faculty do the singing?
13—Marie Todd and Frank Hennacy both absent. Have they fled?
15—Bob Moore secures his mother's permission to enter society.
16—Field Meet. WHY does that CUP look good to us?
17—Sunday School.
18—"Cappy's" love tablets begin to take effect.
20—Most everybody has that tired feeling, mostly felt in the spring.
21—Juniors "cramming" for final exams.
22—Everybody works but the Seniors.
23—Track meet at Pittsburgh.
27—Senior Reception given by Prof. and Mrs. Bingham, at their home.
28—The rumors are confirmed. It will happen Commencement night.
28—Class Day Program at Lisbon Theatre.
29—Seniors and Juniors bury the hatchet and smoke the peace pipe.
30—Seniors try to strengthen their nerves for final test.
31—Baccalaureate Sermon in the M. E. Church, by Dr. W. H. McMaster.

JUNE.

1—Grammar School Commencement.
2—Junior-Senior Banquet.
3—Commencement. End of the Class of 1914.
4—? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Nobody

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, you flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place.
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "scold,"
Somebody thinks you a spiritless mould.
If nobody knows of your faults but a "friend,"
Nobody'll miss them at the world's end.
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone.
If nobody's eaten your bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a "miserly bore."
If nobody's slandered you—here is your pen—
Sign yourself "NOBODY" quick as you can.

SOCIAL DREAMS

Sledding Parties

"Feet! My feet! Your feet! I never can be comfortable here!" And so the sledding party started for Karl Bowman's one evening in February. The night was mild and clear and the road in good condition except in one place where drifts turned the sled and its contents to an angle of forty-five degrees. The driver stopped to ask if there was no better way to go and after an interval Charles Pritchard returned to consciousness and said, "'Oh yes, Mr. Driver, Bowman did tell me at noon that we couldn't make it through this way. There's a road over there some place in the field."

Soon the farm was reached and every one tumbled out of the sled into the house, bright and warm with its cheerful lights and blazing fires. After some music the dining room was thrown open and every one was seated around a bountifully-laden table. All did justice to this particular part of the occasion, Dallas and Frank clinging to the old idea of not only cleaning up their plates but the table as well. A jolly time followed with "Ruth and Jacob," "Grunt," and several other games.

When the hour hand was well past twelve the boys and girls reluctantly decided it would be well to give the hospitable Bowman family a few hours sleep and a move was made to put on the numerous coats and sweaters. The girls were ready and waiting but the boys seemed to be having some difficulty with the sleeves of coats and lining of caps. In some mysterious manner needle and thread had been brought into play, although no one had been in the room where the boys' wraps were. Only Peter Pan himself was needed to make his appeal: "Don't you believe in fairies?"

Sunrise was but a few hours away when Lisbon was reached and every-body mumbled a sleepy "Good-night" or "Good-morning," with a wish for another such happy evening.

One evening a merry party set out for Hanover where they had arranged to have a chicken supper served them. It was a jolly, wide-awake crowd going over and the hills resounded with their songs and laughter. Coming home it was a peaceful party for the most part, although Donald didn't have quite as much room as he thought he should have. He fussed and pushed and jammed but he finally succeeded in finding a comfortable position. A musical murmur such as "You Made Me Love You," "Where Did You Get That Girl?" "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy," and similar pathetic dities broke the stillness but above all came the voice of our chaperone, saying, "Is 'ur tootsies told?" Another on finding himself pursued by a sour-visaged freak was heard to exclaim, "Old Maid, Old Maid, why persecutest thou me?" Several flashlights were in evidence going to the village but no doubt the batteries were worn out, because not one was seen or even mentioned coming home.

The last week in February thirteen Seniors and Juniors made up a sled load which was delightfully entertained at Walter Ward's home, eight miles west of Lisbon. "Jitney" and "Hib" will testify that never in any sled is there always room for one more—not to mention two—and also will they tell you that walking is a good appetite-maker.

The fun began as soon as the house was reached and games of all sorts were indulged in until supper was served an hour later. Here the reputation made at the Bowman supper-table had only to be upheld and it was soon evident that it was an easy task on the part of all. After supper the gaity continued and the curfew had tolled some five hours before when a move was made to start home.

Everyone piled into the sled—two by two, though, to be sure—and the horses moved off at a good pace. The ride bade fair to be very unexciting

when suddenly the sled stopped. Several scrambled out and found a very valuable part of the sled's anatomy missing—namely, the tongue. One of the girls—Helen—bossed the job and ordered the boys to pin it back on. Just like a woman, you know—they always pin things together!

Order restored and everyone re-established, the party proceeded toward home—just a bit too early for breakfast and dentists' appointments but too late to bother with sleep.

Banquet

On Wednesday evening, May 28th, the class of 1914 gave a banquet in honor of the graduates of 1913. The hall decorations were in red and gold (the '13 class colors). The favors consisted of gold baskets containing violets, thus in a clever way introducing our own class colors.

After the supper had been served a few members of the faculty and classes were called upon by the Toast Master, George Porter. The subjects were in connection with sculpturing as applied to our school life.

"The Workshop".....Gladys Sanor, '14
"The Tools".....Carolyn Pitzer, '14
"The Sculptors".....Dale Davidson, '13
"The Annex".....Mabel M. Marquis
"Just from the Quarry".....Clarence Ball, '14
"Chiseling".....Miss E. VanFossan
"Polishing".....Florence Young, '14
"Symmetry".....Dr. John Steele
"Class Prophecy".....Chester Baringer, '13
"Class Will".....Ernest Hole, '13
"The Unveiling".....Miss Roberts
"The Dedication".....Mr. Bingham

"Haven't heard of the surprise on Mr. Murphy?" Everybody knows how "Gybod" announced the coming of the party. The method used was certainly original. Imagine Mr. Murphy's surprise when the glass door panel fell at his feet when he didn't know anyone was near except ————.

Then to have an assemblage enter your parlor with nothing more than the crash of glass as a warning.

The evening was spent pleasantly in playing games. In one "Gybod" figured prominently. It came his turn to trip down the room with a dainty damsel on his arm. He was so taken up with the sensation he was creating that he forgot that he was pigeon-toed. But alas! pride surely does come before a fall. Suddenly our friend found himself in a most ungraceful position in the middle of the room. When the lunch was served, he was sitting, all attention, by the side of his lady and was doing beautifully, in fact he had

almost forgotten his late misfortune in the new joy when he was suddenly seized with a nervous chill at the most inopportune moment for he had a cup of coffee in his hand. You know coffee. After the deluge, when he was attempting to mop it up with his napkin, he pricked his chin with his tie pin. Thus endeth——They all departed in peace but advising their friend not to go "fussing" at a party.

On the evening of January tenth a pleasant affair in the form of a six o'clock dinner was held at the Hostetter, at which time Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and the teachers of the High School entertained in honor of Mr. Murphy and his bride. After dinner the following toasts were given:

Welcome to the Newly-Weds..... { Miss Sadie Van Fossan / Miss Blance Davis

Advice to the Newly-Weds..... { Miss Kingman / Miss Elaine VanFossan / Mr. Bingham

Advice from the Newly-Weds.....Mr. Murphy

On the evening of the 16th of November, Myra Halverstadt celebrated her birthday and the closing of the saloons by having a house full of guests. The evening was spent by "Hasie" in teaching the younger members nursery rhymes and pleasing "ditties." At nine o'clock he was ably supported by a full chorus singing "How dry I am."

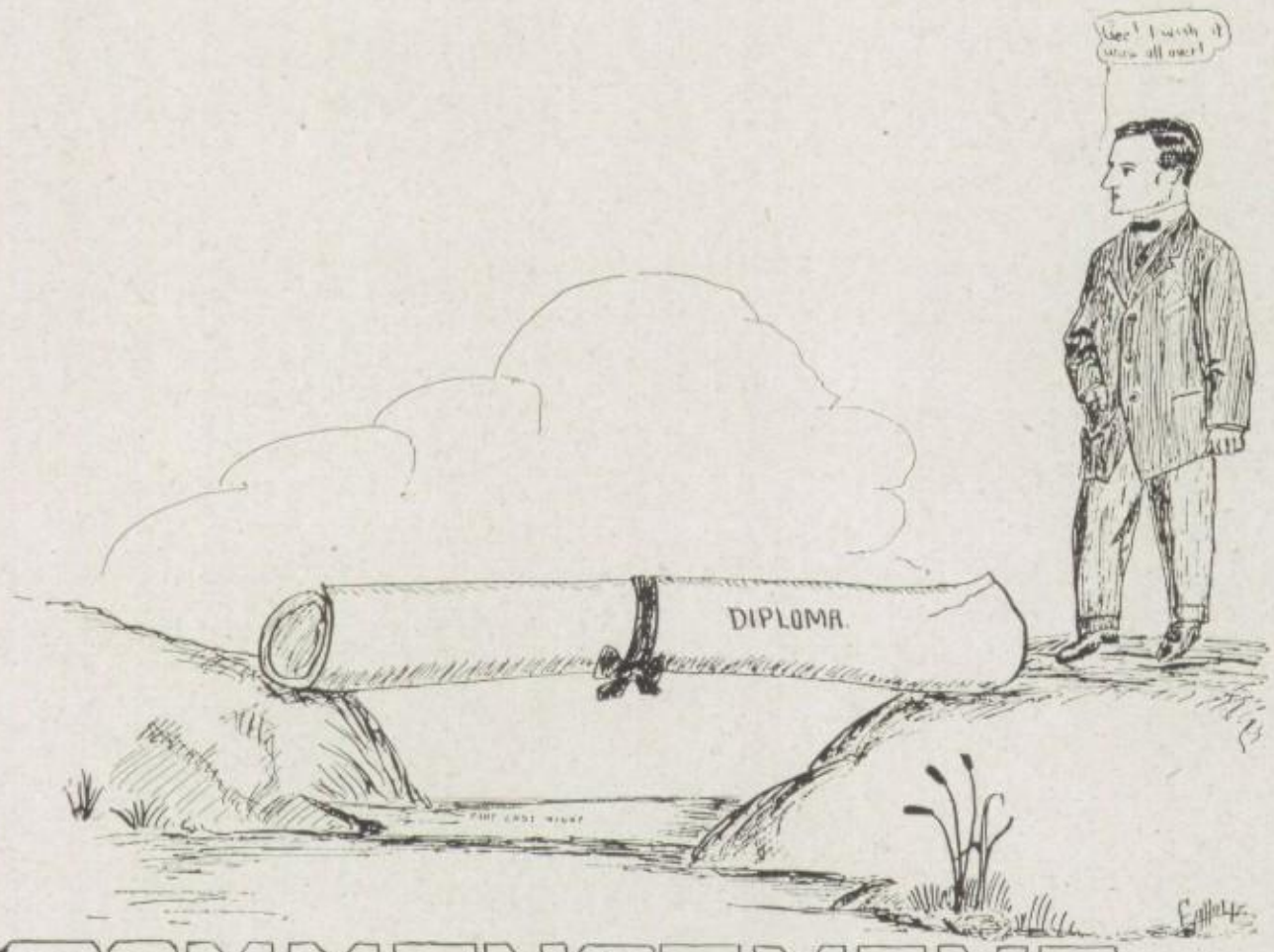
On a balmy evening in September Hilda Rigby threw open wide the doors of her hospitable home, to a party of High School boys and girls. Oh yes, indeed, it was on that night that Mr. Murphy made his advent into High School society. He carried himself nobly and did honor to his Alma Mater until the cider was passed and repassed. Then he gave forth a groan which did not measure up to the rules of etiquette. You see, the cider was sweet but there is such a thing as getting too much of a good thing. Well, if you don't know, just ask Murphy!

Charles Pritchard was the charming host of a High School party one night in October. Owing to the absence of his mother and the desire to please all his guests, he and "Hasie" tried to bake a cake. The result was never brought to light and they certainly were modest about it for the mere mention of cake would clothe their faces with blushes for a week. After all the furniture possible had been made into kindling wood, the party departed.

After the Basket-ball game with East Liverpool High School the captain, Cyril Rigby, entertained the team at his home. "I guess we showed 'em how to play basket-ball," and "Did you see 'Dike' and the ball in mid-air?" and several other such remarks were heard in the course of the evening. They all departed at an hour much too late for fellows in training declaring that their host had "shown them 'some time'."

Wyllys Fox entertained several of the boys and girls of Lisbon High School in honor of his friend. The evening was spent with playing games and music. In the course of the evening a lovely lunch was served and at an early (?) hour the guests departed for their respective homes, declaring the evening to have been one of the happiest ever spent.

On the following night Hilda Rigby entertained in honor of the same lady. It is needless to say that the young people had a very pleasant time, for the Rigby hospitality is well-known.



COMMENCEMENT

Program

Class 1914.

LISBON THEATER

Wednesday Evening, June the Third

Eight O'Clock.

March, "Kaiser Frederic"—Friederman.....Dana's Orchestra
Invocation.....Rev. J. C. Strubel
Salutatory.....Winifred Pellett
"Twentieth Century Rip Van Winkles."
Intermezzo Russe—Franke.....Orchestra
Class Oration.....George C. Porter
"For Value Received We Promise to Pay."
Valedictory.....Elva B. Buckley
"Modern Parasites."
Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman".....Orchestra
Class Address.....Hon. Timothy S. Hogan
Mexican Dance, "Pauquita".....Orchestra
Presentation of Diplomas.
Waltzes, "Bridal Bouquet".....Orchestra

As the Olympian goes to press the Senior class is busy with its preparations for Class Day. This year a different plan is being followed in the program—Something out of the ordinary and of a nature which they hope will be pleasing and attractive to the general public. Instead of giving the regular class orations and holding their exercises in the afternoon, a mixed program is arranged to be given at the Opera House on Wednesday evening, May 27th. In a very interesting and unique manner each member of the class will be introduced to the audience. A short German playlet will be given by the German department; a scene from Virgin—"Phoenician Dido." Several pantomimes and interesting parts will be introduced, closing with a scene from an operetta by Gabriel.

Commencement Calendar

Junior Play—Friday evening, May 8.

Senior Reception—Wednesday evening, May 27.

Class Day—Thursday evening, May 28.

Baccalaureate—Sunday evening, May 31.

Grammar School Exercises—Monday, June 1.

Junior Senior Banquet—Tuesday, June 2.

Commencement Program—Wednesday, June 3.

The Modern Parasite

Valedictory **Elva B. Buckley**

A parasite, as Webster defines it, is a plant or animal living in, on, or with some other living organism, at whose expense it obtains shelter, food, or some other advantage; and the organism upon which it lives is called its host.

Parasites may be divided into two classes; external or internal. An external parasite is one that lives upon the outer life of its host, and an internal parasite is one that devours the inner life of its host. Parasitic life in plants begins when one plant becomes strong enough to force another to support it, and should we follow parasitic life to the end, we should find that the parasite still remains a sturdy plant, having fed generously upon its host which finally falls, weak and exhausted of all its vitality. Thus can the old adage of the "ant and the grasshopper," illustrating the principle that "some must work while others will play" be applied to plant life. Today the United States is a nation which rules the world, a nation of which every true American is proud, and for which he would gladly sacrifice his life; one that stands as a beacon of encouragement to all other nations, and one always considered as being made of just one big body of brothers, each with an ambition to better the condition and to contribute to the general good. But have we ever considered that our nation exists like the plant and animal—that is, that it, too, consists of kinds of life, hospitable and parasitic? It is, however, true, and we can say that its hospitable life consists of all the efforts and interests of the American people as a whole, which tend to the accomplishments of this general good.

Suppose we consider two of the main phases of our nation's existence; industrial and social, and have we not our two divisions just as we had in plant life? Of course we do not mean that they are each entirely parasitic, for they, too, can be sub-divided into the same classifications.

As to the industrial side, we have in all our large cities today large plants and factories owned by very wealthy men. These factories are made up of two parts: the outer and the inner, and the inner we might term "The Hinterland of Industry." In the Hinterland live large hordes of children, between the ages of twelve and sixteen. It is a land of disorder and pain, where the God of Misery reigns supreme, and whose inhabitants are stunted both physically and mentally, who are suffering with diseases, and who act as little old men and women with no ambition except to work for work's sake. This Hinterland is a rich possession of the factory owner, in fact it is one of the main sources of wealth to him. But why, the question arises? In this age of industry all that is needed to obtain full efficiency is a human cog to turn the wheel and the factory owner figures that the child will serve the purpose (about) as well as the more expensive labor. Such is Child Labor. Our children represent the future welfare of our nation. Is it right and is it fair according to our republican principles that the owners of our factories rob it of the very hope of its future existence?

The Modern Parasite—Concluded

Another industrial parasite is the Trust. It is a large single corporation or group of individuals which possesses to some extent the power to regulate the market for certain products and would be beneficial to our nation if handled with care for the public as well as for private interest. But it is not, because it is a parasite and must get its life from the public.

Corresponding to the external class of plant parasites, is a class of social parasites. One of these parasites may be found in the wealthy class of society. Here are several thousands of women, able-bodied and well educated, often with much talent and genius, who are leading a useless existence because they have not found their places in life and because they have not felt the pressure of a great life purpose. This class is the type of the woman, whose definite purpose in life after receiving a college diploma is the landing of a husband. She then becomes a clinging-vine upon him, or if she fails she just drifts along single, becoming a burden to herself, her relatives, and her community.

In another class of society, traveling a parasitic course, are three other social parasites. The first is that class of people who are born parasites called "ambulanters," or more popularly known as Gypsies, who trace their origin to Egypt, but most of whom are really degenerated Americans. Go where you will, in the most dismal woods, the darkest lanes, or in the wildest prairies, there the ambulanter may be found tenting with his large and unkempt family. Their existence consists of fortune-telling, begging, and stealing.

The second parasite in this class is the typical American "hobo." This is the type of the man who is born lazy and ambitionless, who is willing to take life "hit-or-miss," and who would rather go through life wandering around as a beggar, than earning an honest livelihood for himself.

The third parasite in this lower class of society is the thief. He is a parasite of heredity, because of unfortunate conditions in his life, or because of a desire to have wealth, and a willingness to obtain this wealth, rather by foul and easy means, than by an honest struggle.

Thus have we seen that our nation has a two-phase existence—hospitable and parasitic. As yet this parasitic side is the weaker, but will it always remain so, is the question that confronts us. At the rate these many parasites are growing, it is doubtful, and we have to fear, in the near future, an overwhelming and suppressing influence by them. We have one hope and only one upon which to rely. That is the release of forces that philanthropic trusts want to monopolize, and the liberation of the people's vital energies. Their vital energies consist of the spirit, welfare, energy, and happiness in social, industrial and other phases of the nation's life. We must abolish all forms of "social-snobbery," making each person feel that he has just as good a chance for success in this world as the other fellow. All industrial forces we must humanize by inspiring our people with hope and with a vision of open gates of opportunity for all. And the day is now at hand when we can and must kill these growing parasites.

Twentieth Century Rip Van Winkles

Salutatory **Winifred Pellett**

Many years ago, while the country still belonged to England, there lived in the Catskill Mountains, a simple, good-natured fellow by the name of Rip Van Winkle. He belonged to that class of people the members of which the rest of the world call lazy. As a result of this aversion to profitable labor he became a target for the verbal ammunition of his wife. So, often, when life became too intolerable, he was wont to take his dog and his gun and seek the solace of the forests. On one of these occasions he met a stranger who invited him to be his guest. When Rip came to the cave he found a queer assemblage of solemn-faced men playing games. There was plenty of wine and Rip soon found himself taking very copious draughts. You recall how he fast became drowsy and finally senseless; and that when he awoke, his gun was rusted, his dog was gone, his home in ruins, his wife dead; and that his friends had forgotten him, for Rip Van Winkle had slept twenty years.

This story, so often treated as a fairy tale, should more properly be regarded as an allegory teaching a valuable lesson. Rip Van Winkle has not been the only person to sleep twenty years. There is a surprisingly large number of people who are mentally dead; who have lost their ambition in life. I believe one is safe in saying that everyone at some time or other has an ambition to succeed. Perhaps, while still a child, he may be discouraged by his parents, or later in life, for various reasons, he may lose all desire to succeed.

We may have the most worthy of ambitions but someone or something may interfere and prevent our attaining them. When this happens we should take Elbert Hubbard's optimistic view, "Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to build an ark—don't be discouraged." Rip Van Winkle's scolding wife drove him away upon a twenty-year vacation, and as a result he lost everything. She was the opposing factor to his life's happiness; without her he could have roller-skated through life without a care.

While Rip Van Winkle sleeps, many persons pass. The first to pass is a little, bent, old gentleman with white hair and faded blue eyes, who looks as if he might be a doctor or a minister. Upon seeing the sleeper he approaches and gently shakes him. There is no response and he refrains from waking him for he thinks the poor fellow is probably very tired. His footsteps have scarcely died away when the rustling leaves proclaim the coming of a second person. A tall, well-built figure suddenly emerges. The carelessly worn coat covers shoulders which are remarkably straight; his well-formed head is carried erectly. His general appearance shows him to be a man to whom due honor is paid. He speaks to Rip but finding him asleep he strides on, enjoying his primeval surroundings. Scarcely is he out of sight before a middle-aged couple approach, whose rich apparel loudly proclaims their wealth. The woman touches him upon the shoulder, but when she fails to awaken him she also passes by. Blissfully unconscious, Rip Van Winkle slumbers on. He has not yet awakened to the fact that he has lost the respect of the world, that Prominence and Greatness have passed him by, in fact, while he slept, all chance to better his condition had slipped by. Do we not see modern Rip

Van Winkles all around us, who lie on the sunny spots of life's hillsides while the other pilgrims, our great men and women, toil onward toward the summit?

The unsuccessful individual often claims that luck was against him. In other words he means to say that the success of his friend was due entirely to luck. He overlooks the fact that the other man has spent years in preparation. This attitude reveals his own narrow-mindedness which alone would disqualify him for success. Rufus Choate once said, "There is little in the theory of luck which will bring one success, but work guided by thought will remove mountains or tunnel through them." Success is the mathematical sum of preparation plus determination.

Sometimes we see a Rip Van Winkle just waking from his long sleep and he says, "If I had So-and-so's chance I would have been where he is." He does not realize that he has had many chances but allowed them to pass. Opportunity knocks, but because she does not carry an electric door bell, many fail to hear her. For over three thousand years the people of the world have been reading a verse in the Bible which contained information that would have made anyone a millionaire had he grasped the opportunity. It is this: When the mother of Moses wanted a water-tight basket to save the life of her baby, "she took for him an ark of bulrushes and daubed it with pitch." Mr. Alphant, chief geologist of the Standard Oil Company, read this and said to himself, "Where there is pitch there is oil." Men were sent to Egypt to investigate and as a result three wells, each producing about forty barrels per day, have been recently completed and the territory is being rapidly developed.

"Opportunity! If men but knew
Of what thou didst consist, then they would know
Thou giv'st to all an equal chance,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low."

While Rip Van Winkle slept he became an old man, his beard turned white and his youth was forever lost. His life was his own and by drinking too freely of the excellent wine, he wasted it. A lost chance can never be regained. We may turn the hands of the clock backwards but the time which they register is gone forever. So, we may with redoubled energy partly make up for our lack of watchfulness but that same opportunity will never pass our way again. Therefore it behooves us while young to prepare ourselves and grapple to us with bands of steel every opportunity that when old we may not, because of the folly of our youth, be forced to seek refuge at the Inn of "The Lost Chance."

We blame our failure upon heredity, surroundings, ill-luck, lack of a chance, etc., but as Clarence Urmy says, "Straight from the mighty bow this truth is driven, they fail and they alone who have not striven." Young men and women of today have every chance in the world to make good. Emerson says, "Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities, seize common occasions and make them great." A liberal education can be acquired by anyone. We should have optimism, health, strength, and enthusiasm and if the possession of will-power be added to all these, success is assured. As has been said, "Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you."

For Value Received We Promise to Pay

Class Oration **George C. Porter**

We are all possessors of a wonderful heritage, perhaps not in land and gold, but in our wealth of unlimited opportunity which citizenship in this unparalleled land implies. From early childhood we enter an account with the world. Everything that has gone before us enters our life and time and we are really the product of the ages. Through all these centuries civilization has been working and we are but reaping the result of the labor. However careless or indifferent we may be to the fact of our heritage from the past, its value is for us and is constant.

The absolute necessities of life depend upon civilization. Think of the multitudes of people who are engaged in producing, manufacturing and forwarding our clothing, our food, our furniture, the tropical fruits on our table, our foreign textiles, and all things which come from foreign lands to add to our comfort and convenience.

We buy a small basket of fruit at the store for a few pennies, but do we ever consider what it really cost to bring this fruit to us; of the number of people who have aided in its production and transportation? We go into a drygoods store and buy a yard of cotton cloth for ten cents, but do we ever consider the toil and the hardships of the poor people in the South, of the workmen in the mill, the packers, shippers and clerks who have handled and rehandled and shipped it by steamship and railroad that we might buy it for a song?

We are the ones who are to receive the benefit of the inventions of the poor, starved inventor who never reaped reward or recognition for his work but toiled cheerfully on and finally died unknown and unhonored that we might have a broader knowledge of science.

"Not a truth has to art or to science been given
But brows have ached for it and souls toiled and striven."

Think of the rivers of blood that have been spilt, of the thousands who have perished or lived in the misery of prison and dungeon to purchase the liberties of speech and action which we all today enjoy under our great and powerful government.

The greatest opportunity that is thrust upon us during this golden age is the privilege of an education. The man who remains in ignorance today has himself to blame, for conditions are now such that the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and even the cripple and the invalid can manage to gain an education. The person who is unable to attend school during the day session has the opportunity of the night school. The correspondence schools are now recognized also for their creditable work. The schools and colleges have been advanced to such a high standard of efficiency that the present first-class high school offers a course equal to if not better than the course offered by our noted colleges during the earlier centuries.

For all this that we receive from the world with little or no effort on our part, although it costs civilization dearly, it would be well to inquire what obligation rests upon us.

To possess such unlimited riches means that we owe something to the world for receiving them. It is a known fact that we can not get something for nothing. The law of the universe recognizes only one legal tender and that is Personal Service, yet there are some people who will say in all earnestness that the world owes them a living. Shall we live on that which civilization all over the globe has suffered, sacrified and worked for through all these ages? No! It is not the world that is indebted to us, it is we who are indebted to the world. The man who thinks he is going through this world on what somebody else has produced or done and still develop into the highest type of man is attempting to fight against his Maker. No idle life can produce a real man.

Our first great ambition in life toward paying our debt should be, "Above all things be a man." With this as our ideal, we must put forth every effort that it may be attained. To have such an ideal and to be successful in its fulfillment means work. The making of our life is the best thing in it. It should be a man-developer, a character-builder, and a great life school for broadening, deepening and rounding into symmetry, harmony, and beauty all the God-given faculties within us. Our work should have a higher meaning, something broader, deeper and nobler than merely making a living or seeking fame.

"Spirit" can make or mar the man, so we see how much his success depends upon it. We must have absolute confidence in ourselves; whole-souled enthusiasm and happiness in the accomplishment of our daily tasks; otherwise they might be a drudgery which would mean failure. Many people live in a cramped and uncongenial atmosphere where "spirit" could not possibly exist and until they make a change their work will always remain a drudgery to them. Along with "spirit" must come honesty, for there is nothing quite as injurious to a person's name as to say he is dishonest. We have very little respect for such people. As yet no substitute has been discovered for Honesty, although our prisons are full of people who have tried and multitudes have been absolute failures in life. The dishonest man preys upon society and does not possess that which measures any return for value received.

Therefore if in the end we have rounded out a "Man" to give to the world in payment for that which we receive, we should feel that our indebtedness has been paid in full.

The class of nineteen hundred fourteen has been called together tonight for the last time as members of Lisbon High School. It is with deepest regret that we must leave the school where, perhaps, the happiest days of our lives have been spent, but we have come to that milestone where the road branches off into many and each one must choose which way to turn. May our ambitions be of the highest type as we put forth our greatest efforts toward giving in return for that which we have received and keep before us at all times "American Manhood and Womanhood first."

Class Prophecy

I left my native town in July, 1940, for a town in Germany where I intended to make a more advanced study of the "Jungfrau." The inspiration occurred after I had witnessed this production presented by the Junior class of '39. My visit in Germany was brief and a strange desire to visit mythological countries came upon me. Strange, the old story of Loki was first recalled and naturally I left for the region of which the story is told.

After reaping his wild oats, I believe it was Porter, who contented himself with the office of King in a small country far to the north of Asia. But here also lived young Loki, familiar to all who were ever acquainted with Baldwin's Reader. It will be remembered Loki was never contented except when plotting trouble for someone. So one day this mischievous Loki, desiring to start something, spied Porter. Loki particularly noticed him by his peculiar walk, which was rather lame, and decided a buion must be on a certain foot. He hid about the King's palace and when he approached smote him a powerful blow with a huge club upon that same member. Thereupon he began to laugh. Seeing the folly of his joke, Loki ran with the guards in pursuit with an order to brink Loki back dead or alive. Loki was captured and was about to be killed when the King interfered. "What will you do for me if I let you go?" he asked. "Why, I will go to the secret smithy of the dwarfs and persuade him to make whatever you wish," said Loki. "Go then," said the King, "and have him make me a motion picture machine and a set of films, that will show me what the members of the class of 1914 have been doing." Loki hastened away and returned in a week with the machine and films. The screen was put up and soon a regular show was in progress with Loki at the wheel, and this is what they saw.

In a broker's office we saw Mildred Deemer hammering on a typewriter. She was still single, but young and forever optimistic. She had received a diploma from S. B. C. with high honors. At Newport, it showed Virginia Adams, a leader in society as usual. There were numerous suitors on hand. Perkins was traveling for the Jersey Corn Flake Company and had made a great success. He was very prosperous and popular and wealthy.

Miss Halverstadt was editing a matrimonial bureau for the welfare of bashful girls. Applicants were numerous but they all failed to take. In gay Paris we saw Carrie Pitzer booked for a three months' run in the leading theater. The Cosmopolitan uses to advantage beautiful women for magazine covers and this was what made her famous.

In an old curiosity shop at Kensington, Miss Gladys Sanor was sole proprietor doing a fine business. She bore the expression of one disappointed in love and blamed fate. At New York Central office, Miss Anna Helman was chief operator. She had risen in the world rapidly, partly due to what she learned of the telephone in Physics class under Murphy.

Reed was assisting President Wilson in drawing up a new Tariff Bill. He won his position through pluck and public opinion and his face still bore that happy smile.

Warrick was demonstrating a Ford to the heathen of the Kongo. He

was rather bewildered and looked out of place but was very persistent. Next a book agent arrived at Sleepy Hollow trying to sell Latin orations to the residents. Needless to say Miss Ruhl did not stay long or press the question.

Miss Edith Trunick was contented as a school teacher. It was difficult to recognize Hilda Rigby as an athletic woman and a teacher of physical culture. This was her life work.

Lewton was selling Oliver Chilled Plows at Elkton and also demonstrating "Potential Difference." Miss Pellett was addressing a suffrage meeting at Madison Square Garden. She was successor to the late Mrs. Pankhurst, but her audience failed to appreciate woman suffrage. The Nazarenes were assisted by Miss Clara Ferrall at revival meetings out in Cheyenne. Out there is where cowboys appreciate anything.

"Aub" was still agitating some question and was reporting for "Life." "Aub" was always popular and a friend to all.

Suddenly the picture stopped short because some of the delicate mechanical parts of the machine had been broken. As a result some members of '14 were not seen and the King departed, shaking his head.

PAUL HICKLING.

Realization

We, the Class of 1914, like those who have preceded us, stand even now in the presence of a day of reckoning; Graduation—Commencement. These days certainly partake of the past. The four years gone are here in evidence in each individual character, and in the life of the Class.

The future fills our hearts with high expectation and ambition—we feel that it is already beginning. It is also the day on which to measure our gains and losses. We have acquired great things in putting forth every effort along with the assistance rendered by our ever-willing and patient instructors. As a Class, we are grateful to them and in this way endeavor to express our appreciation.

In regarding the past, each heart is a court of judgment—though the world be not admitted to the spectacle. Each one of us regrets having to take his departure from Lisbon High, yet all are proud that we have had the honor and opportunity of taking part in its achievements during our stay because it is an institution worthy of mention. In its halls we have gained character aside from mental development, making us strong for the problems which will present themselves. We commend to the Undergraduates the interests we have hitherto cherished together. In all sport, in all daily work, let the enthusiasm and loyalty of old L. H. S. reign in every part.

When embarking upon the journey of that higher life, let us always remember that yonder clouds are yet but lined with silver; another hour will reveal them, scarlet, and yellow, and gold, mountains of heavenly glory banked up against the sky.

A. M. HELMAN, '14, Athenian.

Class Will

LOREN R. DECKER

Since we, the Class of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, just as our predecessors, must be dragged forth from this happy realm unto the auction block of the world, where we are to be mated to our several fates as the world sees fit to mate us; and since once across this Realm, once across this divide, once from under this invigorating influence, we are to be thrown, each upon his own resources and unlimited ability; and since it is our desire to dispose of our great abundance of High School wealth, among those worthy and capable of receiving it, before we pass forever from these Halls, which have been our home for the last four years,—We the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, being of sound mind, in full possession of reason, and the best of preservation, do subscribe and publish this will, intended to operate on and dispose of all our several properties, real and unreal, which we cannot, or do not desire to take forth from this, their birthplace, into the world with us; and hereby revoke and declare void all wills, codicils, and testamentary depositions heretofore made by us as a Class.

All bequests herein stated and subscribed to be declared void when specified regulations are not obeyed.

ARTICLE I.

Item 1. To Mr. Bingham, the father of the good and high standards of our High School, we do bequeath and bestow, our highest esteem and sincerely hope that he may in the future as in the past, elevate the coming generations physically, mentally and spiritually.

Item 2. To Miss Roberts, our generous Principal, we bequeath all chronicles and records of our High School life, that she may be consoled by them when roused to anger by the incapable ones we leave behind; for never before has a class left Lisbon High with such high records.

Item 3. To Miss Kingman, we give entire control over all those incoming individuals known by the popular name of Freshmen, providing she inoculates them with the infectious germs of High School Life before admitting them to our Assembly Hall or Recitation Chambers; furthermore, that she use some powerful disinfectant freely to eliminate all danger of the spread of such contagious diseases as foolishness, notewriting, etc.

Item 4. To Mr. Murphy we bequeath the golden key to clever speech, that he may continue to amuse his classes, also such sundries as may be found among our possessions, which will aid him in keeping his Physics class awake.

Item 5. To Miss Elaine Van Fossan, we do bequeath, with full instructions as to its use, one powerful microscope, to be used in locating the causes, and thus help to annihilate the microscopic disorder germs which at times disturb our Assembly Room.

Item 6. To Miss Sadie Van Fossan, we bequeath all sundries related, directly or indirectly, to Geometry, Plane or Solid, that she may in the future base "plane" facts upon a solid foundation from any angle, and that as in times past, she may not have to circle around the bush to give her classes a square deal.

Item 7. To Miss Davis, having nothing else among our several possessions which could be used by the caretaker of the dead, we are compelled to bequeath the heirlooms of many generations, the two ponies, Virgil and Caesar, broken for either single or double use.

Item 8. To our able Foot Ball Coach, Dr. Steele, who has brought us forth to so many glorious victories, we extend our thanks and bequeath to him such raw material as is necessary to mould new men for the positions rendered vacant by our departure.

ARTICLE 2.

Item 1. To "Jackie" Billingsley, our reliable war-horse on every battle-

field, we do bequeath one seat and desk of honor, said seat and desk to be situated in the extreme south-west corner of our Assembly and Chapel Hall, lately rendered vacant by our Hon. President, Mr. Porter.

Item 2. To those few whom we find necessary to leave in the ranks of the succeeding class, we give our congratulations and highest regards, with the wish that next year may be for them the successful culmination of a happy High School life.

ARTICLE 3.

Item 1. We herewith pluck from the farm our field daisy, "Prunes" Hepburn, and bequeath him to the Profession of Law, as we do sincerely believe from his continuous volcanic eruptions of overheated speech during the past class meetings, that only when admitted behind the "Bars" will society be safe from his tongue.

Item 2. We do bequeath one "Pickle" Hickling to the world as an instrument of mercy and relief to dumb animals. We believe, from the sympathetic treatment shown by him to a few of the less fortunate, that this is his calling.

Item 3. We do hereby will to Harry Jenkins, one marriage license, not that he is now contemplating matrimony, but just in case that he should do so later.

Item 4. To the Degenerates Club we give all privilege to glean the ruins for such charred remains as cannot be used by the class in the construction of their life temple.

ARTICLE 4.

Item 1. To that noble body, the Faculty, which has labored so faithfully, under all atmospheric conditions, with us during our adventurous career of High School life, we humbly bow in apology for our misdemeanors during said career, and extend to them, as our most worthy recompense for their untiring patience and faithful instructions, unlimited thanks and gratitude.

Item 2. We bequeath to the Junior Class the rank and all the honor and dignity of Senior, and empower them to act as the ruling element among the student body, asking only that they so conduct themselves as to bring honor to their ranks.

Item 3. To the Sophomore Class we have nothing to bequeath. We only ask that they set a perfect example for the Freshmen.

Item 4. To the Freshmen Class we can not will, as we have nothing in our possession which can be used advantageously by individuals of so meager an education. We place them under the control of our successors, with instructions as to their conduct and any other needed regulations.

Item 5. To the great body of Athletes found rambling through our Halls, we have nothing beneficial to give but what they have already developed in abundance themselves. Yet we wish to leave with them our blessing, and may the golden blanket of victory fall around their shoulders in the future as it has in the past.

Item 6. To the school as a whole we bequeath all relics, heirlooms, and such sundries, as may be found among our treasure and not otherwise disposed of in this will, also those, invisible, amending trains of individuals which knock at our front doors for admittance as Freshmen. We also suggest a want column in the Daily Journal to be used for "Lost and Found" articles.

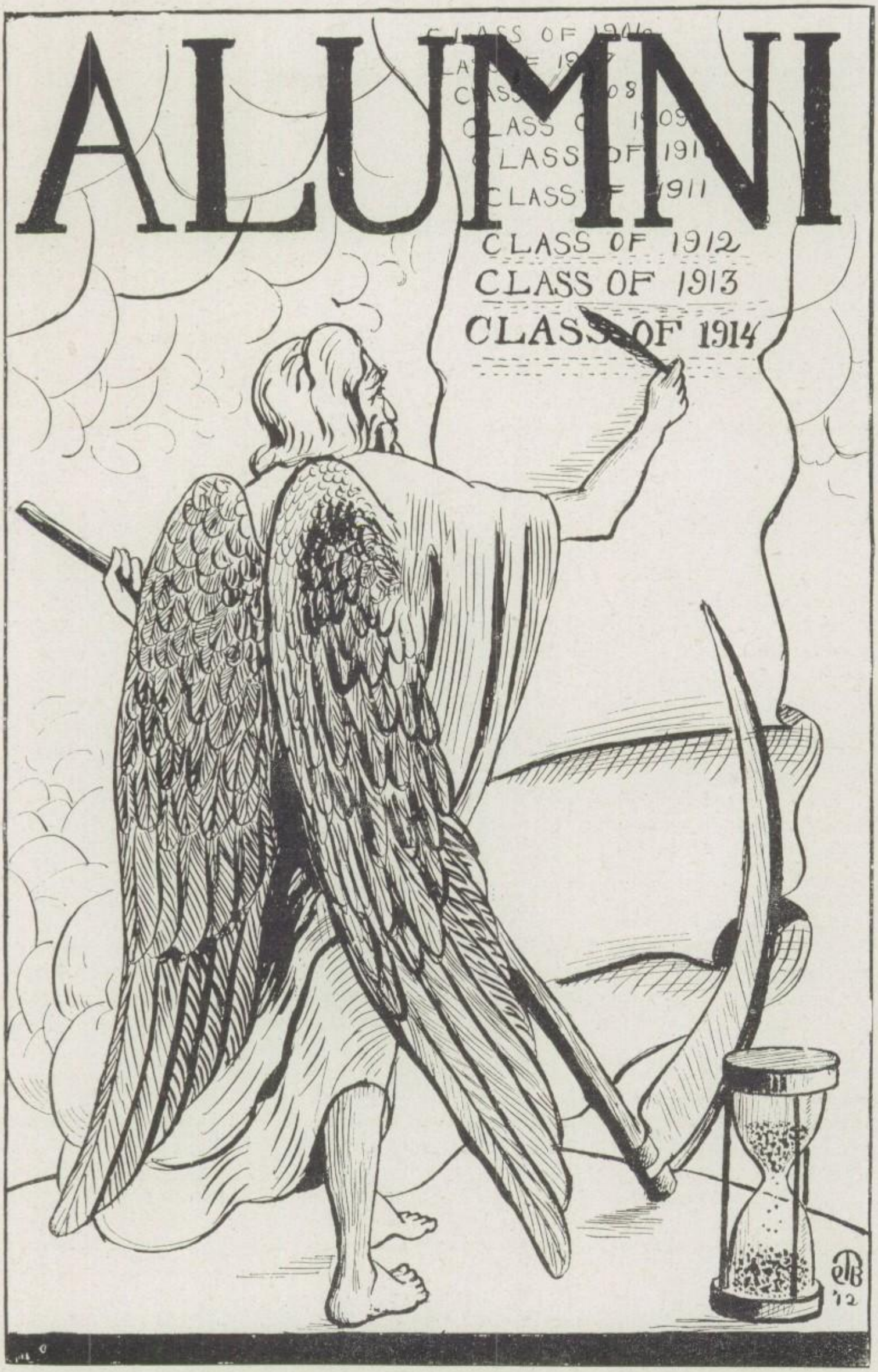
Item 7. To the world we bequeath our services to be adjusted and utilized by her as necessity demands. We only plead that she bring us happiness and comfort as a recompense for our feeble services.

In testimony whereof We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, of the Village of Lisbon, of the County of Columbiana, of the State of Ohio, have set our hand and seal to this will, contained on this parchment, upon which we have set our names this third day of June, A. D. 1914.

Signed by the said testator, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen as their last will, in the presence of us who at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

First Witness—E. NUF SED.

Second Witness—U. B. FOOLED.


ALUMNI
CLASS OF 1912
CLASS OF 1913
CLASS OF 1914

Alumni Association

That the graduates of Lisbon High School might, in some way, feel that they have not severed all relations with the school which they hold in all reverence, the Alumni Association was organized in 1910 with C. C. Connell of the class of '90 as President and Miss Bertha Johnson of the class of '92, Secretary. The organization has indeed served the excellent purpose it had in view and with an annual increase in membership becomes more and more established.

A liberal number of pages has been alloted in the "Olympian" and contributions freely received, that our graduates may take a keen interest in the Annual and school work.

To The Class of '14

I have a last message for you, who are about to pass from this school. I claim this privilege on account of my age, for I have been here much longer than you, and hope to continue on for years to come.

You were believing, until I intruded, that what you have learned from books, and from your able instructors, was the whole of your education in this school. You forgot me entirely, but I will not be forgotten.

I have been teaching you much more than they have taught you. It may take years for you to discover it. I have taught you to excel in studies; to train for the contest; to play your position; to win games; to be charitable to the less fortunate; to submerge self for the good of the whole; to want only what has been earned; and to be just in defeat and generous in victory. Now do you know me?

You did not find me in books, nor in maps, nor in any material things. I have been with every class in its work, mental as well as physical. No other city or village of the county can rival me for place. I cannot be seen—I cannot be described—but I CAN be felt. I am,

THE "SPIRIT" OF LISBON HIGH.

Jamie Muir, Class of 1890.

Rambling Retrospection

Near eighteen and seventy, let it be told,
A shy little country maid, not very old,
Found the School House on Sheep Hill
Her Mecca for learning;
And so it is still
To many wee lassies—and laddies as well.

The old Sheep Hill School House!
Its mission and pride
Was ever to train, to encourage, to chide,
To make and to mold, and to leave its imprint
On all who would enter its door; a mint
From whose coffers pours out
Myriad natures refined.

This wee little maid begs that patience be shown
While in plain words—trite, perhaps, when all is done,
(Yet full of school spirit) she tells of impressions
And scenes that have passed;
No one of which hindered
That feeling of loyalty to Old Sheep Hill School.

Not very long she lingered (under Miss Fannie Markham) in Number 1. From the beginning there was inculcated in the mind of the child a profound reverence and veneration for those in authority. Vivid yet, however, stands out the memory of the days of absence that marked the pathway with sorrow, because Jess would always tell of such good times that happened at school when the little maid was away. One of the lessons of after life was to learn to lose the feeling of regret that ALL the good times in life cannot be grasped.

A King among boys left a memory not easily effaced when he rebuked another for throwing a stone at a little girl, saying, in a spirit of chivalry, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to throw at a girl because her mother is poor! Let her alone! She is as good as you are!" The embryo spirit of the caretaker of later life, shielding and protecting the weaker one!

In Number 2, the teacher, Miss Mary Scott, was one day moved to send a messenger for the Superintendent, who came, and, in the presence of the whole school, used a long, stiff gad, with telling stroke, upon the back of Big Ben. Tho' Ben was stoical, and did not cry, this all struck terror to the heart of the little country maid, till, late in the day, a school mate volunteered the knowledge that Big Ben had a large geography concealed under his vest, which materially lessened the force of the lashes given. In this same room, and by this same teacher named above, was given an impetus for good reading that has been lasting in its influence.

In Number 3, "'Beck Dorsey," a teacher beautiful in face and in manner and adored by the pupils, was wont to bestow "prizes" upon those who made faithful endeavor. Two treasured, carefully kept, small green volumes, "Little Prudy" and "Our Pets" rewarded the efforts of the shy country maid.

In Number 4, with Miss St. Clair as teacher, the maid, a little older grown, remembers the presentment of sweetmeats and compliments.

Of all the teachers the country maid knew, perhaps no one has had a firmer hold, and no one has kept in closer touch, with a more abiding interest in all her pupils, than Miss Carrie Scherer. To her room, Number 5, up stairs, the little maid is now advanced; and to this teacher she owes much of the

fundamental training which, together with the always helpful home influence, has made the after life-work possible. Two years are spent here and two in Number 6, the Grammar Grade. Three teachers served each a portion of this period in Number 6. One summer day, the spirit of unrest seized some of the boys. Mr. Cogill, the teacher, attempting to administer corporal punishment, needing assistance called on some of the older boys to help; again terror seized the heart of the country maid, and taking her sunbonnet from the peg on the wall, she hurried from the room, but not alone; for several of her mates seized their bonnets and accompanied her. In the hallway, whom should they encounter, but the Superintendent, then none other than the late lamented Judge R. W. Tayler. "Young ladies, young ladies! What does this mean? Leaving your room in this manner—at this hour! What has occurred?" Dumb silence prevailed until after a second interrogation, the country maid, true to her training of respect and reverence for those in authority, haltingly told of the disturbance which caused the terror-stricken girls to flee. Even now, the maid remembers the epithet "Tattle-tale, Tattle-tale!" which was hurled at her the next day by those most interested. A. H. Clarke, the second teacher in this room, was succeeded by A. R. Martin, whose kindly nature was tried mightily many times by the pranks of the boys and girls, until in desperation, he one day said of a certain bunch, "You're just a gang, and J. O. is the leader of the gang!" So promptly was organized "The Gang" with J. O. as "Leader", Jess (who now lives in Iowa) as "Burnt Meat", another as "Pussy Cat", another as "Twin" and the preacher's son as "Butter Scotch". With all the mischief brewing, these same pupils must have accomplished some good work, for in the library of the country maid, there is a fine volume of Browning which found its way there from the hand of the sunny, good-natured, revered teacher, A. R. Martin.

Across the hall, on the second floor, the country maid now entered High School, or Number 7. Several instructors here led the mind into channels before unknown. Wars, and rumors of wars, and the making of peace, stand out in the memory through this period, too. For when Vallandingham and another boy were each earnestly and valiantly trying to get the better of the other, the little country maid was seen to walk into the midst of the ring and separate the combatants—a lesson put to practice in after life at times with as great success!

Space will not allow the relating in detail of the day, when all but one of the fifty or sixty girls in attendance gave in the age as "16" for, at the beginning of each term, it was the custom to call the roll and ask the age of the pupils. Or to tell of the 400 cases of tardiness in this room, in a single year, sometimes brought about by tarrying too long at Star's for a cookie. Or the feeling that waxed warm at times between the town and country pupils; of the school outings held at Teegarden, Long's Crossing and Shelton's Grove; of the success gained and defeat suffered in the Athenian and Ionian and Corinthian Literary Contests; of the musical programs rendered at the Commencements, which events took place of an afternoon upon the rostrum of the High School room; later, of an evening in the large Hall covering the entire space of third floor; these musical programs containing such selections as "Old Black Joe", "The Star Spangled Banner", "Polly, Put the Kettle On", "Nicodemus" and "We'll Have to Mortgage the Farm;" nor of the country-maid's first glimpse of a Commencement gown ordered by a school-mate from New York City; nor of rosy-cheeked apples, luscious grapes and bright-hued flowers, quiet tributes she found often within her desk. Nor should she speak of the basket and bouquets of the flowers, mostly colonial in design, that came

to her Commencement season, in lieu of the more substantial and elaborate gifts now in vogue.

Representatives of the country maid's graduating class, developing with the years, now fill positions in life as the physician, the minister, the lawyer, the statesman, the druggist, the farmer, the business man; while one has a home in Pittsburg, one in Cleveland and one in Minneapolis. Experiences have broadened and events have shaped each life that has gone from out the Old Sheep Hill School, but in the mind of the plain country woman (the shy little country maid older grown) stand out, bright and clear, as of yesterday, the homely incidents that go to make the interest of child life, and to train for the activities of world life, and to build the fundamental principles for the still greater life to come.

Oh, memories that linger,
Oh, thoughts that cluster close,
Ye messengers of morning tide
    Stay thou with us!
    Make glad;
And cheer and help us
O'er rough places,
Lift us above the troubles.
And thro' the busy life we lead
Bear us safe on, when lessons have been learned,
And problems have been solved
To graduate with the elect.

MRS. M. F. M., Class of '80.

Confession of A Freshman

When the autumn nights were lengthening,
And September days were here
Started I to Lisbon High School
There to do things for a year.

Let me see, I'd take first honors
Make all teams and all that
Oh, of course, I'd be a big star
Everyone expected that.

How those teachers made us work, though
I just thought, I'd surely die
When Miss Davis soaked it to us
With Latin lessons piled sky-high.

I did think I knew a few things
When I started Rhetoric.
But, you bet, when I had finished
Miss Van Fossan made my poor pride sick.

Oh that Algebra, that nightmare!
Signs plus and minus getting mixed
X, Y, Z's until I did think
That I'd never get them fixed.

That's not all my woe, I'll tell you.
Need I speak of Kingman's Dutch,
Ach! du lieber Louie, fellows,
Ich habe das geliebt, not much.

Those exams! how can I tell it!
Then I swear my dear old bunk
Ne'er received me till the morning
Ne'ertheless next day I flunk.

Well, one day Miss Roberts said to me,
"Young man, I am sure I know
That you here were strictly honest,
For your grades were all zero."

As for prowess in Athletics,
Shoot, I didn't have a show.
Foot-ball and the rest that followed,
For each game I was too slow.

Here I am a High School Freshman,
Green as grass, I must confess;
Though I've got some education,
I'm not in it with the rest.

Ex-High..

"To" and "Through" High School

If recollection is playing no trick, the writer's High School pupilage commenced with the first day of W. Bryant's superintendency, continued through that of W. R. Smiley and ended the last day of Israel P. Hole's incumbency. (N. B.—If any reader discovers that the administrations named cover a period of more than six years, he will kindly refrain from confirming the writer's fears.)

With the momentum gained by going so long she might have been going yet but one afternoon in June '73, the school clock stopped, they gave her a beautifully illuminated parchment hand-wrought by Clement V. Robertson or James C. Wisden and told her she was "through".

The clearest details of the event are that she wore a made-over blue dress; that her splendid address on "Barriers" which was really her answer to Anna M. Dickinson's Suffrage lecture though no one discovered the fact, was described in the next week's paper as "paragraphic aphoristic"—it was, but she always suspected the reporter of laughing when he coined the phrase.

Hugging her bouquet, presented by the reporter, and the precious diploma, on her way home she met the Hon. Harvey W. Morrison, then School Examiner; after a little pleasant conversation he said with great seriousness, "Remember you are only beginning now, just beginning!" What a come-down from the clouds! She thought a great beginning had been made the day she first sat in the little rocking chair in Miss Lucretia Watt's room and learned that bad boys had to wear girl's sunbonnets and bad girls boys' hats and stand before the school.

More than two score years have elapsed. She looks out on the widened horizon, thrilled with a joy of living never known in youth, realizing the deeper meanings of life, sensing the great forces and movements at work in the world, hastening the reign of Righteousness, and exclaims from the depths of her soul, "Today, each new day is the REAL beginning!"

The long trail "through" H. S. was not due so much to her dullness as to unique circumstances. Fired by the colossal ambition to respond sometime to an Alumni toast or write a reminiscence for a school periodical, when the curriculum laid down by Mr. Hole was accepted by the School Board, she decided to take all the school offered, believing the work already done would only prepare more thoroughly for teaching.

Mr. Hole was not a Latin scholar—did not believe it should have place in a High School Course; he did believe people should know something about the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, and Mathematics. His former pupils may not be able to pass examination in Astronomy, Geology and Physical Geography as tests are given today, but it is quite inconceivable that they are not readier for what philosophers call "cosmic consciousness" because under his teaching they felt the rhythmic movements of the planets, the swish of comets, saw the flirtatious courtseys of the moon to the earth, discovered that rocks grow as well as roses and witnessed the unveiling of the laboratories where whirlwinds and tides are made.

James Sumner Pettit and Belle C. Adams (Hawley), the other members of '73, entered H. S. later than the writer; because the former expected to take West Point Military training, the class was given exceptional advantages in Bookkeeping, the test being borrowed from a Pittsburg Business College. Trigonometry and Surveying were also specialized on his account. With the graduation of Class '73, eight studies were dropped from the Course, because, quoting the new superintendent, "no class will ever take them." Just what they were the records no doubt show; among them probably are Mensuration,

Logic, Evidences of Christianity, Moral Science, Intellectual Philosophy, etc. Latin was added later.

'72 and '73, Robert W. Tayler, afterward M. C. and Federal Judge, was principal; he had just graduated from Western Reserve College; though inexperienced as a teacher he was a most excellent instructor and disciplinarian. The late Dr. T. B. Marquis and the chronicler studied Latin with him outside school hours that year; the young men came to her home several evenings each week. The first reader given us was a collection of stories from the Pentateuch and it comes like a tonic today to recall the joy with which we finally landed on Mt. Ararat after long and deep wading through the flood. It is no detraction from the study of Latin, which was of great advantage not only for its mental calisthenics, but the understanding given of English Etymology to confess that the only fact in Caesar now recalled is that "All Gaul is divided in three parts."

During part of the last year the principal having an unoccupied period it was decreed the long-trail Senior should profit by it. When she learned that Mechanics was the study added to the curriculum for her special benefit she wondered why a girl must tackle that, but believing in the infallibility of teachers acquiesced and got her brain in terrible tangles with pulleys, wheels and axles and the worst looking equations ever set up. Several years later, while substituting as teacher for her sister an incident occurred which convinced her **that Mechanics study** was simply a device plotted by the superintendent and principal to "keep her busy." Every school has one youngster at least kindly disposed to post the sub-teacher as to how the school should be conducted. Vexed with an undersized, pert girl whose assiduity in that respect was irritating, the writer declared, "She is an unmitigated nuisance and ought to be suppressed!" Her sister laughingly replied, "Well, no child could be more like you were than she is; she never tiptoes across the room or speaks to me that I do not think of you; keep her busy and she will give you no trouble." It is when such revelations come that we cry out, "Come back, Robert Burns! Take back what you said about a 'giftie'; it hurts 'to see oursel's as ithers see us.'"

Going "through" may have meant some work, never enough to make the student envy a contemporary who went "to" H. S. on conditions hardly procurable today. To quiet parental anxiety as to his whereabouts by special dispensation he came on his own terms. He was to recite nothing but Grammar—Chandler's perhaps; his system eliminated study by indicating the analysis and parsing on margins. He was an always-ready coach for the unprepared pupil; occasionally he hesitated with the whisper, "That was a prepositional phrase last year, infinitive the year before; I don't know what it is this year." He would comment interestingly on the sentences, as "The young man takes delight in being odd." "I know he does," he would whisper, "but I've studied this book three years without finding out what he did that was odd."

It is not the purpose of this message from the surviving member '73 to deal with the preciousness of school friendships or make sentimental appeal to Memory, but it cannot close without expression of deep obligation to Lisbon for the splendid character-making influences met in her Grades and High School, as well as opportunity to learn from books much more than she ever acquired.

EVALINE WRIGHT NELSON, Class of '73.

In Plain Dealer County Home Calendar Series

Where we pray for sight, it is a pretty good plan to open one's eyes. It is so easy to miss the wonder and the beauty of life all about us, while we are waiting for miracles to happen.

How one thrills with delight, when coming, in November, upon a colony of witch-hazel bushes. Their leafless branches are covered with most delicate fairy-like blossoms, while thickly studded with the brown fruit of last year, and holding, somewhere within, a spring of healing. Watch the pods burst when the time is ripe, and see the black seeds fly—But we were not speaking of miracles.

The winter woods, one likes to think, are just the summer woods, housecleaning.

The draperies are all down. There has been a vast deal of sunning; a tremendous sweeping and dusting and folding. Certain rare stuffs have been wrapped in silken coverings and put away in sealed chests, for the cleaners are sometimes rudely thorough.

There has been the fragrant Indian summer of fumigation, and the continuous wash of the rain. Now, the windows of the wood are all wide open, and the long aisles, the high-domed spaces are flooded by free air of heaven. Sun, mist, wind and frost do their work well, for, through all this chaos of cleaning runs a perfect system, a relentless scientific law.

And through it all, too, we can hear the jolly woodpecker carpentering on the old oak tree.

The sun pours its molten gold over the chilled fields. The earth laughs and wakens her dreaming children.

There is a thrill under ground. Put your ear down, listen!

There is a soft formless murmur that brings, unbidden, the tears to the eyes; as when the baby, stirring in its cradle, murmurs a language we cannot understand; as when a bird at midnight sings a sweet strange note.

It is low, exquisite, violet talk. It is the beating of the heart of the true. It is the lapping of hidden waters; the feel as of things growing; a silver thread of sound that leads through the silence of Earth, to the things of Heaven.

A south wind lifts the dry leaves from the mossy upland slope. A woody odor springs to greet us.

Search is ended. Trailing arbutus is blooming. Trailing arbutus is blooming!

The more one gives, the more one must, in kind receive.

We plow our soil. We harrow with disc and tooth. We lime and fertilize and perhaps, inoculate. We roll and harrow and roll again, to insure firmness and smoothness.

We select our seed from perfect stock.

When texture and temperature and atmosphere are right, we sow with infinite care. And we are not done. We stir, we conserve moisture, we weed, we spray, we encourage insect-eating birds, and protect from marauding animals.

And the harvest fills the home garners, and overflows upon a hungry world.

"Beats all how well those children have turned out", says the Practical One, today.

We build light, airy, dry barns, and up-to-the-minute silos. We concrete the feeding grounds, and put running water in sanitary troughs. We arrange conveniences for weighing and accurately balancing the rations for our cattle. There are doubtless, modern appliances for testing and computing day by day, the value of food units, and their resultants in energy—in milk or added weight.

Horses are fed for muscle building; cows for milk producing; and beef cattle and swine for flesh and fat.

We know, of course, to a fraction how much roughage, how much concentrate, and what proportion of green feed and liquid must be given each individual animal.

We talk in terms of protein and carbohydrates, and ash and fibre.

Efficiency is a word to conjure with.

"The critters must be fed right or they won't pay," asserts Neighbor Thrifty. "Have another plateful of fried 'taters, sonny? If y' don't eat, y' can't work, y' know."

EVA MORRIS VAN FOSSAN, 1882.

Thompson Hall, Lisbon, Ohio.

The students of Lisbon High School are especially fortunate in the advantages which they have been and are now enjoying. With the school quarters newly enlarged and furnished, with the enthusiastic student-body whose school spirit prevades the place, and with a faculty composed of really big men and women which would do credit to a school and town of much larger size, Lisbon High School occupies a position unique in many ways.

And this is true also in athletics and literary work. I doubt much if there is another school within a radius of hundreds of miles which has the enthusiasm and ability along these lines possessed by Lisbon High. Lisbon's athletic records in all branches of sport need no comment, as they are known not only in Lisbon, but throughout a large part of the state. The activities along literary and forensic lines took on a new impetus at the time of the formation of the three literary societies and the establishing of the annual contest. All these student activities have brought and will bring glory to the "school on the hill." The Alumni may well feel proud of their high school, and the sight of the colors, blue and white, must always bring memories of not only busy hours, but of pleasant ones as well.

W. D. WYLIE, '12.

The Alumni of Lisbon High

Class of '71.
Ada T. (Lodge) Moore.

Class of '72.
*Lizzie O. Nelson.

Class of '73.
Bell (Adams) Hawley
Eva W. Nelson
J. Sumner Pettit.

Class of '74.
Lucy (Burnett) Ramsey
Olive (Williams) Henry
Emma (Mann) Bevan
Belle Childs
Harry Kennedy
Louis C. Pettit
Charles Sipe
George P. Way

Class of '75.
Charles Costello
Breading Way.

Class of '76.
Adelaide H. (Young) Duncan
W. A. Rankin.

Class of '77.
Adda Pritchard
Marion Jordan
Ora (Supplee) Morrison
Seward Bowman.

Class of '78.
Laura (Pritchard) Williams
Jennie (Crowl) McMillan
*Jennie (McMichael) Irwin
Florence Frew
*Olive Stooksberry.

Class of '79.
J. V. McLaughlin
Elmer E. Helman
Hattie A. Way
Charles B. Galbreath
Harry O. Gilson
John P. Neill
Harry Gregg
Jennie (Ogden) Gregg.

Class of '80.
Nannie B. (Myers) Cook
May (Frost) Marquis
John A. Norris.

Class of '81.
W. T. Bushman
Frank R. Gailey
Ella Irey Garrigus.

Class of '82.
Mattie A. Crowl
Mary E. Spence
*Celia B. (Dorwart) Wilcoxen
Marion (Supplee) Forney
Fred A. Pritchard
Susie (Pritchard) Jackman
D. J. Cameron
Bird (Lodge) Young
Anna J. Greenlees
Eva Morris Van Fossan
Harvey Morrow.

Class of '83.
Bessie Britton Morrow
R. Halverstadt
J. S. Simons.

Class of '84.
Carrie Springer
*Eva (Greenlees) Price
Alice (Springer) Worman
Georgie (Pike) Nichols
Carrie Farr
Lou Livingston
Frank Springer
Emmor Pike
Richard Baker.

Class of '85.
Cora (Vogan) Bushman
Maud (Springer) Davidson
Lena Eells
Minnie (Conkle) Briggs
Hattie Young
Anneta (Helman) McClintock
Susie (Neill) Woolery
Julia M. Burns.

Class of '86.
*James B. Armstrong
Nannie Frew
Adda M. (Glenn) Wilcoxen
Anna Whitney
Alvah L. Baker
Helen (Neill) McLelland
Mary (Morrison) Firestone

Class of '87.
Mary Heaton
Carrie Nichols
Mattie Porter
Anna (Martin) Williams
James Jordan.

Class of '88.
Minnie Johnson
*Matthew Johnson

*Lizzie (Figley) Bunting
Cora (McCormick) Miller
Samuel Moore
Cora (Martin) Michaels
Jennie Morrow.

Class of '89.

Millicent (Bennett) Hill
Lyda (Way) Bean
Carrie (Arter) Ramsey
R. P. Neill
J. I. Williams
Carrie Adams
Julia Baker
Emma (Beck) Lutes
Mary (Charters) Vogt
C. C. Connell
*Eva Dorwart
James Martin
Eva Pettit
Lizzie (Ramsey) Hepburn
Theresa Springer
Mary (Wells) Faulkner.

Class of '91.

*Maurice E. Kenty
Glenn E. Griswold
Anna (Esterly) Pike.

Class of '92.

Henry S. Chandler
Helen D. Graham
Alice Glenn
Bertha Johnson
Alice Marsden
*Dora V. Morrison
Mary (Whitacre) Ormesher
Jennie G. Way
Alice (Shelton) Lee.

Class of '93.

Maud (Jordan) Wood
Maude (Piero) Steele
Levi Rawson
*T. W. Fatherly
Alice Smith
F. F. Sherbine
Carrie Sterling.

Class of '94.

Edna (Burnett) Morrow
William Blocksom
Mary (Dorrance) Armstrong
Adda M. (Endley) Ogden
George T. Farrel
Ernestine (Volkers) Bennett.

Class of '95.

Gertrude (Nace) Huffman
J. K. Moffat
*Mayme (Potts) Hollinger
Stella E. Brown
Richard Greene
F. M. Shelton
Lila (Johnson) Baker.

Class of '96.

Anna E. (Malone) Edwards
Gertrude (Watson) Evans
Frances E. Graham
Nellie Johnson
Savannah (Dillard) Allen
Bertha Springer.

Class of '97.

Bertha Brown
Harry E. Cameron
Henrietta Dorrance
Ida (Dorrance) Patterson
Eva (Jackson) Baxley
Walter B. Johnson
Frank W. Lease
Mary Lewton
J. F. Steele
Jessie Thomas.

Class of '98.

W. B. Moore
Frank C. Richardson
Walter L. Armstrong
Florence Frederick

Class of '99.

Bert Harrison
Maud (Desellem) Reddic
Dora Arter.

Class of '00.

Charles Carnes
Herman Patterson
Fred Bennett
Rollin Sipe
Frank Crook
Jessie (Dorrance) Coburn
Georgiana (Treffinger) Fraleigh
Leora (Lee) Pollock.

Class of '01.

Mary Rawson
Mame Marquis Johnson
Eva (Moore) Taylor
Ernani Sipe
Allie Walters
Bessie McAllister
Frances Robinson
Arthur Clark

Class of '02.

*Carrie Boone
Mabel Marquis
James Arter

Eva (Deemer) Graebing
Hazel (Burnett) Steele
Clarence Esterly
Charles Metts.

Class of '03.

Frank Carlisle
*Max Crawford
Lolo Filson
*William Filson
Mary (Moore) Bierma
William Metts
Lily (Robinson) George.

Class of '04.

Alvia Atterholt
Lillian (Atterholt) Watkins
Frank Hickling
David Pritchard
Clare (Huston) Dorrance
Erla Leichtenstein
Ethel Marquis.

Class of '05.

Lois Armstrong
Paul Deemer
Homer Deemer
Clara Groner
Roscoe Halverstadt
Robert Huston
Evelyn McLeod
Margaret Marquis
Clyde Morgan
*Wilson McClain
Margaret (Pritchard) Stark
Helen Ramsey
*J. Theodore Young.

Class of '06.

W. E. Farrell
Roy Atterholt
Hugh McVicker
Frank Moore
C. E. Kenty
Grace Rollins
Eva Shelton
Ethel (Pritchard) Wisden
Neste Graham
Hazel Sipe
Lester Halverstadt
Jess Hanley
*Ralph Carlisle.

Class of '07.

Edna Adams
Ethel Adams
Hazel Arter
Mabel Galbreath
Nellie Huston
Edna (Marquis) Lang
Lillian Rigby
Elma Thomas
Bessie Thompson
Irwin Arter
James Frew
Leroy Gray
Minor Lodge
Wilson Morrison
Charles Neill.

Class of '08.

Paul Adams
Frank Altdoerffer
Lawrence Baker
William Corbett
Lester Fisher
James Forbes
Ralph Frew
Raymond Hill
Albert Webber
Robert Wisden
Sadie Van Fossan
Inez (Wilson) Marsden
*Hazel Baxter.

Class of '09.

Robert S. Arter
Anna (Atterholt) Nold
Dorothy (Briggs) Daniels
Helen E. Brown
C. Earl Davidson
Elsie Filson
Harry O. Easterday
Lewis L. Everett
Edna M. Johnson
*Nana (Halverstadt) Lodge
Anna Lynch
Randolph Moore
Leslie Morrow
Samuel D. Nold
Hugh Ramsey
Nellie Reed
Adda (Smith) Deemer
Sarah L. Walter
George B. Wisden
Charles F. Wright.

Class of '10.

Allen H. Arter
Mable Benner
Joseph James Binsley
Raymond C. Blair
Howard W. Bradbury
Alice (Brown) Fraser

Fred Caldwell
Helen M. Crawford
Mary B. Cunningham
Lois (Deemer) Hostetler
Margaret (Edwards) Moore
Ethel A. Fisher
Camille (Frew) Moore
Olive Halverstadt
Paul R. Hill
Frank C. Johnson
Eugene Kelly
Karl M. Marquis
Lucile G. Mason
Ramona Mason
Charles Moore
May Morrow
Bessie Scott
Eloise Scott
Harry E. White
Kathryn Marquis.

Class of '11.

Lucile Baringer
Margaret Van Cleve
Louis Hole
Helen (Wallace) Hughes
Lorilla Stooksberry
Louise Albert
Hal Wright
Helen Armstrong
Frank Welsh
Byron McCausland
George Pollock
Mary Francis
Ruth (McDonald) Riddle
Gail Huston
Ross Fox
Aaron Huff
Kathryn Morrison
Alvy McCormick
Virgil Ward
Wm. Wright
Louis Binsley
Frank Deemer
Paul Walker
Wm. Baker
Jay Hill
Anna McGoogan
Lester Deemer
Charles Adams
John Everett
Roy Ewing
Ethel Pike
Ilo Halverstadt
Carrie Evans
Ross Lewton

*Deceased

Mary Helman.

Class of '12.

George Adams
Lois Carlisle
Edson Cope
Helen Clapsadel
Roland Decker
Guy Frantz
Lawrence Frost
Matilda Helman
Colter Halverstadt
Robert Hole
Harry Hum
Nelson King
Ethel Lawton
Gladys McCormick
Wilmina Morris
Ralph Moore
Leah Nold
Charles Shank
Paul Travis
Dale Wylie.

Class of '13.

John Albright
Susan Bowling
Edward Baker
Chester Baringer
Ocy Crawford
Dale Davidson
Lila Halverstadt
Carlos Deemer
Margaret Harbaugh
Henry Brinker
Ledra Connors
Florence Crook
Ruth Custer
Ammon Hennacy
Esther Hill
Ernest Hole
Harriet Lewis
Ethel Lucas
Agnes McLaughlin
Marie Morris
Albert Morris
Dorotha Pike
Helen Pritchard
Marie Ramsey
Eletha Steepee
Josephine Stewart
Russell Turner
Cora Underwood
Foyn Wilson
Florence Young
Edgar Weltner.

WAYSIDE GOSSIP

Good friends for heaven's sake forbear,
To get sore at the dope in here;
Blest be ye unoffended drones
And cursed be he who growls or groans.

—Selected.

HEARD IN ENGLISH CLASSES.

What figure of speech is "I love my teacher?"
R. V. F.—Sarcasm.

Compose a sentence with "heroes" in it.
H. Adams—He rose from the dead.

Heard before a test in Senior Physics:

Backward, turn backward
O time in thy flight!
Make me a Freshman
Just for tonight.

CRADLE SONG.

What does little George Nace say
In his bed at peep of day?
"Let me sleep," says little Georgie,
"Let me sleep and go away."
Now just sleep a little longer
Till you feel a little stronger.
So he sleeps a little longer
Every day.

IN REVIEWS CLASS.

Miss R.—Paul, give the feminine of Abbott.
Hickling—Heretic.
Miss R.—Horrors! and the feminine of czar?
Hickling—Czarwich.

Absence makes the grades grow rounder.

A little bit of bluffing,
Lots of air quite hot;
Makes a recitation
Seem like what it's not.

SOPHOMORE TRANSLATING CAESAR.

Caesar fell dead covered with wounds.
With one hand he drew his toga about him, while with the other he called for help.

A SCHOLAR'S SOLILOQUY.

Methought I heard a voice cry,
"Cheat no more,
Murphy will catch you cheating."
'Tis a lazy method that knits up
The ravelled sleeve of ignorance,
'Tis the balm of idle minds,
The dumb student's first course,
Chief nourisher of a High School Education.

Generally speaking—
Yes, a woman is generally speaking.

IN BOTANY.

Mr. Murphy—Can you tell anything peculiar about plant life?
Tamar Lyder—Yes. They shoot before they get pistols.

IN CIVICS.

H. March—Can a deaf man be legally convicted?
Miss Roberts—Why not, Harry?
"Shorty"—Because it is unlawful to condemn a man without a hearing.

IN GEN. HIST.

Miss Kingman—Who is now the Commander-in-Chief of the army?
Norman Bowling—George Washington.

FROM A JUNIOR HISTORY TEST.

Abraham Lincoln's scheme after Lee went into Maryland, if he was defeated or driven back, the emancipation would go after him.

THE HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN.

Apologies to H. W. Longfellow.

Under a shedding chestnut tree,
  A would-be freshman stands,
The plebe, a timid man is he,
  With large and awkward hands;
And the muscles of his tawny arms
  Are weak as rubber bands.

His hair is towsled, red and long,
  His shoes are very tan,
His mouth is wet with Honest Scrap,
  He learns whate'er he can.
And looks Grammar School in the face,
  We'll all say, he's some man.

A week goes by and then a day
  When you can hear the fellows blow,
As you see them swing their heavy clubs
  With a real sharp tack, and slow
Like a pile-driver, driving stakes,
  When the creek is running low.

And the children, leaving home for school
  Look out from the open door
They love to see the flaming streak
  And hear the fellows roar,
And catch the timid ones that run
  Like paint on a greasy floor.

He goes on Sunday to the park,
  And sits among the boys;
He hears the row-boats grind and screech
  He hears his sweetheart's voice
Yelling for some more Zig-Zag,
  His money makes a noise.

It sounds to him like a robber's voice
  Crying in avarice.
He needs must think of her no more,
  Lest she tell him a few more lies,
And so, with a large soft hand he puts
  His money away before her eyes.

Shirking, plotting, cheating,
  Onward through school he goes;
Each morning sees some prank begun,
  In the office he sees its close!
Something attempted—nothing done,
  Has added to his woes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy teacher,
  For the lessons thou hast taught!
Thus, to this famous school of Life,
  Our fortunes must be brought,
For on its yielding desks we carved
  Our initials, without a thought.

M. EAHOLTZ.

Ruth Atterholt—

She talks like a book,
  Her admirers all say;
It's really a shame,
  Not to shut up the same way.

The boy sat in the chapel,
  He did not hear the bell;
And when he reached the Latin class
  His teacher gave him—some extra work.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY EXAM.

Q.—Define a deciduous plant.
H. Guy—A deciduous plant is one that decides where to grow.

Miss Roberts, in Ger. III—Decker, where would you go to find the Garden of Eden?
Decker—To Heaven.

FROM AN ENG. LIT. EXAM.

Robert Burns was the son of a pheasant and was a pheasant himself until twenty-seven years of age.

Q.—Name some of Geo. Elliot's Books.
Ans.—"The Mill Overflows." "The Miller on the Floss."
George Elliot did not write many books until after her marriage when her man started her.

HEARD IN ANNUAL BOARD MEETING.

Hasbrouck is assigned a piece of work for early completion and it is suggested that he appoint some one to help him. Turning soulful eyes upon Gladys he says: "Won't you be my little helper?"

HEARD IN ALGEBRA CLASS.

Miss Sadie—Divide the numerator by the denominator and add in—"Albert!"

SOME PROVERBS.

Look before you cheat.
The student proposes but Bingham disposes.
There's many a slip 'twixt the lolli-pop and the lip.
It is a wise student who knows his own books.
It's a long lane that has no ash barrel.
A stitch in time saves an embarrassing exposure. (Ask A. W. B.)
A word to the wise is useless.
As ye sew so shall ye rip.
A pony in need is a pony indeed.

"Beware the test," Herr Murphy said,
"When you see it you'll wish me dead,
So welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory."

WHAT.

What is a KISS?
Ans.—Nothing divided by two, a great spread of microbes of no value to anyone, but highly prized by the right two.
What is LOVE?
Ans.—A man's insane desire to become a woman's meal-ticket.
What is DUST?
Ans.—Mud with the juice squeezed out of it.
What is a HOTEL?
Ans.—A place where a guest gives honest dollars for bad quarters.
What is a SCULPTOR?
Ans.—A poor unfortunate who makes faces and busts.—Collected.

Dallas and Myra were discussing the football team of which Dallas was a member.
Hepburn—"Myra, do you know that Rigby?"
Myra—"Yes."
Hepburn—"Well, he's going to be our best man soon."
Myra—"Oh, Dallas, such a lovely way to propose."

A student could not sleep at night and vainly sought release;
He went to Murphy's Physics Class and now he sleeps in peace.

Mr. Murphy in Botany Class—"I am half-tempted to give you a test."
Voice—"Yield not to temptation."

Miss Davis—"Frank, give the passive of sum."
Frank—"Pass some jam."

Miss Kingman, in Ger. I.—Oscar, give the principal parts of arbeiten, meaning to work."
Oscar—Arbeiten, wasbeiten, werebeiten.

Bob Van Fossan—"If beauty makes a man, what am I?"

Davis—"What case is that word in?"
Jenkins—Excusative.

F. Pritchard, (finding himself scheduled for a debate in the Athenian Society), "I just ain't going to debate, because I hain't."
Miss Roberts was cruel enough to ignore the pitiful request.

Ger. II. translation: As they came into the yard they met a carload of scissors grinders.

Harry Jenkins, while acting as critic during the Junior program in the Athenian Society criticized all but Margaret McC. Every one laughed.
Harry—I don't think there is any need to laugh. Every one knows by this time that I think Margaret did splendid.

Du bist wie eine Teufel
So hold und schon und rein
Ich liebe deitch most awful
By golly, ain't it fine?

Du bist wie eine Hee-Haw
So hold und schon und rein
Du hast zwie langen Ohren
Und du wobbles dem all die Time.—Selected.

Murphy in Chemistry—What solid gives off an odor in evaporation?
Carrie Pitzer—Limberger cheese.

Hilda was fussed by Force.

FOUND ON THE FLOOR.

Miss Miller—I don't know whether you got my note or not, but if you did please say yes. I will take you to the basket-ball game, and buy some candy and take you home. Answer yes or no. P. K. BURBICK.

A. W. B., translating Ger. II.—After a short ride on a rail and a pleasant walk through the woods—
Hilda Rigby in Ger. II.—Die Butter ist zu Hause geblieben. The butter stayed at home.

O! Sleep it is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole;
But we advise our Freshies
Not to sleep in school.

Murphy in Lab.—Sticks his pen in the ink-well and then carefully places it in his mouth as though enjoying it. He says it has a nice flavor.

In Eng. IV., speaking of Lady Macbeth:
Bingham—Do you think this just a **hacked** affair?
Hilda—She might have tho't of this many times, but said nothing.
Bingham—Do you think it possible for a woman to think without speaking?

In Am. Lit.:
Miss Sadie—"What is so rare as a day in June?"
"Red" Johnson—"September morn."

"You know your German to-day," said Miss Roberts to Rigby, the Basket-ball captain.
"Yes," said Riggie.
"Well, I'll let it pass this time, but it looks as if you were neglecting your Athletics."

SHOULD BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "COMING THRU THE RYE".

If a Senior meet a Junior,
Coming thru the hall;
If a Senior swat a Junior
Need a Junior squall?
Every Junior has his failing,
Senior none at all.
We should help our weaker brothers,
Coming thru the hall.
(Apologies to Hugh Reed.)

FOOLISH ALPHABET.

Accident:—A condition of affairs where presence of mind is good, but absence of body is better.
Bargain:—A disease common to women, caught in the Sunday papers and developed in the bargain stores on Monday.
Cafe:—A place where the public pays the proprietor for the privilege of tipping the waiters.
Dance:—A brisk physical exertion, invented by St. Vitus.
Echo:—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.
Family:—Originally a wife, husband and several children, now confined to the wife, bull pup and canary bird.

Foolish Alphabet—Continued

Gambler:—From the Greek word (gummos) meaning to strip to the skin.
Hug:—A roundabout way of showing affection.
Idiot:—From the English words (idea & out). Hence, out of ideas.
Jag:—From the Spanish (zaga) meaning a load on the outside of a van, but the modern American meaning is a load on the inside of a man.
Laugh:—A peculiar contortion of the human countenance, voluntary or involuntary, superinduced by a concatenation, seen or heard, of ridiculous, ludicrous, jocose, mirthful, funny, facetious, or fanciful nature accompanied by a chuckle, cackle, chortle, cachination, giggle, gurgle, guffaw, or roar.
Mark:—In Germany 23 cents, in the United States only twain.
Neck:—A close connection between chin and chest, used for the display of silks, furs, jewelry and skin.
Ocean:—An old toper who is always soaked, has many hard fights on the coast, floats many schooners daily, lashes into a fury because so often crossed, king at sea but a mere surf at shore.
Palmistry:—A plausible excuse for holding hands.
Quorum:—A clumsy individual found in the Legislature. All Ayes (eyes) and Noes (nose) who is seldom on hand when needed.
Ragtime:—Music pulled into many pieces.
Sailor:—A man who makes his living on water but drinks much beer.
Telephone:—A machine in which talk is murdered.
Union:—An ailing individual frequently troubled by scabs and liable to strike without warning.
Veranda:—An open air enclosure; often used as a spoonholder.
Wedding:—A trade in which the bride is given away but in which the groom is often sold.
Xrays:—A ten-dollar bill from a friend.
Yawl:—Either a shape of a boat or an extract from a cat's vocal organs, but never a cat boat.
Zebra:—The convict among horses who is condemned to wear stripes for life.—Selected.

Miss Roberts at 10:45—"Don, what were you studying the last period?"
Don—"The surroundings."
Miss Van Fossan at 1:25—"Don, what are you studying?"
Don—"Art; I've just begun with Culler."

Madge Bell (during a forced vacation from Agri. Class)—"I don't know when Mr. Murphy is going to allow me back in class. He said he'd have to ask his wife about it first."

Ruth Williams, to a friend—"I must go down to Rogers and over to Cope's."

Harry Jenkins kindly informs the Eng. IV. class that true love is a great thing, for he has had experience and is a good authority.

The one motto of Miss Davis—"Get a man."

Mr. Harry Flugan, one of the honorable Juniors, one day in Chemistry, was told by Mr. Murphy to test some arsenic and he did it by eating some of it, and therefore they had to take him to Dr. Nevin and then the doctor had him sent to the East Liverpool Hospital. After a difficult operation he will recover.

The Freshman, when he first starts in, thinks he is a brilliant diamond. When he becomes a Sophomore, he realizes he is nothing but cut glass after all, and of a poor quality. After he is a Junior he knows that he would make an excellent grind stone, and needs something to sharpen his dull brain. When he is a Senior a tombstone is erected to his memory as a pretty fair student.

A QUESTION THE FACULTY FAILED TO ANSWER.

We, as representatives of L. H. S., hate to write this for fear of annoying You, the Faculty, but the time has come when we must ask your judgment on a serious question, the contemplation of which has caused us many sleepless nights and days of anxiety. However, you will excuse our writing about a matter of such importance. Many honest and ever-human lives have been upset by similar troubles, still we feel the worst should be known at once. We do not dare communicate our state of mind to any of our fellow-students, for they cannot be relied upon. We know we are asking much, but your interest in our behalf and your friendship warrant it. In deciding, please lay all personal feelings aside and tell us from the fullness of your hearts: Do you think Salem will ever cease claiming championships? ?

Junior:—Mendel's Law. He discovered the law that three is to one.

In Freshman Agriculture:—
Tuber is the eye or the bud of a potato.

OUR TEACHERS.

Who is it that so much knowledge holds?
Who tries our noble minds to mould?
Who's always kind and does not scold?
'Tis Bingham.

Who will come to school with pale, wan cheek,
From losing too much midnight sleep,
And over Physics make us weep?
'Tis Murphy.

Who is it that teaches Freshmen green,
And often with a "Crow" is seen?
Who in Dutch and History is quite keen?
'Tis Kingman.

Who o'er us strictest Virgil keeps,
And tells us what one sows one reaps,
And looks as though she never sleeps?
'Tis Davis.

Who is it going up the street
So "chic," so "Frenchy," so "petite?"
Who smiles upon us, Oh how sweet?
'Tis Sadie.

Who is it that possessses some soul of wit
While knowledge in her chair doth sit
And with the students makes "some hit?"
'Tis Elaine.

Who is it that works from morn till night,
To try and make the dumb ones bright;
And make the mischievous ones do right?
'Tis Elsie.

LISBON HIGH ALPHABET

A is for athletes, and everyone knows
Our record in winning from all of our foes.

B is for Basket-ball, beauty and books;
We lead in them all—most of all in good looks.

C is for comfort, which we don't know
When for raising the dickens to the office we go.

D is for Deutsch—und shamst du dich nicht,
Eine besser Aufgabe ist nicht fur dich?

E is for ease; we really can't tell
Why Sophomores and Freshmen like it so well.

F is for Foot-ball, that sweet little game
In which our big boys are winning much fame.

G is for grouch, which Murphy puts on
When he wants us to stay, but finds we are gone.

H is for happy, which all students are
When snowdrifts keep teachers away from the car.

I stands for improvement, a thing which is slow
When we find our grades hovering close to zero.

J is for Juniors—that gay, care-free band;
Next year they'll graduate, if they're not "canned."

K is for Kubelik—our Khoral Klub;
Sometimes they sing—but "aye, there's the rub!"

L is for Latin—in that we can't fake
For students must work when that study they take.

M is for Mathematics; a study we'd like
If it didn't compel us to study at night.

N is for nuisance and nonsense and noise,
Sometimes we have all from our very bad boys.

O is for Orchestra. Oh, how they shine
When Harry White leads them and beats four-four time.

P is for perfect, a state that's so rare
That to strive for it often we really don't care.

Q is for quiet, a symptom not found
About Lisbon High School when students are 'round.

R is for rage, which our teachers all do
When we do the things they tell us not to.

S is for study, bad 'cess to the wight,
We always take home all our books every night.

T is for tardy. Hard luck to be late
Because we are greeted with, "For this come at eight."

U is for upward. 'Tis that way we climb,
I'm sure that our Seniors will get there some time.

V is for vim which makes for good work;
It never will pay to be lazy and shirk.

W is for work about which we hear
Both morning, and evening, each day of the year.

X we won't skip, though some might do so
For we excel in sports and in books are not slow.

Y is for you, whether Senior or Plebe
We know you'll be sorry L. H. S. to leave.

Z is for zero which adorns the grade-book
When we fail to recite, or from school we play "hook."

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

One could ever locate a lost book in the Assembly Room?
Harry did not see Margaret some day?
Mr. Murphy tipped his hat, on the street?
The Junior play outclassed all former ones?
Forse got to graduate in 1920?
Olive G. would ever laugh?
Someone didn't whisper between bells?
Beaver ever found the lost chord?
Miss Roberts' temper would burn up?
"Gig" Adams had a steady fellow?
"Shorty" got what he deserved?

A STUDENT'S BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the dead broke, for they cannot lend.

Blessed are the Faculty, who give short lessons, for they shall not be cussed.

Blessed are they not in the Glee Club, for they will not ruin their voices.

Blessed are they that are slammed by the Annual, for any cause, for they shall have fame.

Blessed are the L. H. S. Athletes, for they shall bring fame to our school.

Blessed are the Juniors, for they have lost the bighead.

Blessed are you, when your fellows shall call you grind and shark falsely—Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for so persecuted they the ones that won high honors before you.

Tommy is a very studious little fellow. On arriving home from school one evening, his mother said to him: "Tommy, my son, fetch in a chunk of wood." "Oh, mother," responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said: 'Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice, one of the curtal excrescences of a defunct log.'"

Material selection is when a plant has in its power to select the seeds for the next year for itself.

In Civics Test: The Senate gratifies treaties.

In one of the Science Classes, the following question was asked: "What is the definition of a calf?"
Freshie—"A calf is the baby of a cow and the back of your leg."

IN GEN. HIST.

Caesar was assassinated, Antony was suicided and Augustus was died a natural death

Don H.—I don't know. Ask Gladys; she is Sanor than I.

Now I wonder where will Harry, March
  And who will Edith, Ruhl?
Do you know we found a Beaver,
  Wright here in this school.

We also have a Foxy Jay,
  In this "Jungle" you all know,
And it only costs a "Jitney"
  To see the whole bum show.

Jay—"The bunch on our Basket-ball team are birds."

Hilda—"I see no feathers."

Jay—"No, you goose, this is a picked team."

We were walking down Market Street late one afternoon and Harry and Margaret were walking in front of us, arm in arm. Just at that moment some unthinking Freshie came past singing: "Everyone was meant for someone." Margaret gazed into Harry's eyes and murmured, "Maybe I was meant for you."

Murphy (boasting of his wife's good baking)—"Do you know, she bakes the most substantial bread possible? Yesterday a loaf fell off the table and killed the cat."

A RARE SIGHT.

H. March taking a delinquent semester exam. in the class at the February Teachers' Examination. An effort on the part of County Examiner Oliver to have the supposed candidate read for him, was vigorously turned down. But the most distressing part of this occurrence was Mr. Hawkins' attempt to extract the fee of 52 cents from this unoffending mortal. At this juncture March appealed to the office for help.

On the afternoon of the contest, Hugh Reed asked Gladys (who was on for an oration), if she was "fussed".
Gladys—"No, I did all my fussing last night."

'Twas in the foot-ball season,
  She broke through the line of his heart,
Kicked the goal of his affection,
  With a touch-down at the start.

Then after a lively scrimmage,,
  He tried for a safety true,
But she made it a kick-out
  And then the game was through.

—Selected.

It was one of those cold Monday mornings late in January, that Olive made her appearance at the breakfast table. She was later than usual and remarked that she was not very hungry. "Would you like some cereal?" asked her mother after she sat down. "Yes, but you said he would have to go home at ten o'clock," sighed Olive.

When I am dead, my dearest, sing no sad songs for me,
The table was a washbench beneath a shady tree;
Press where you see my white plumes shine, that bright dream was his last,
The mill will never, never grind with the water that is past.

Then out spoke brave Horatius, grow old along with me,
Her thunders shook the mighty deep, and dark blue is her e'ee.
Maxwelton's braes are bonny, and welcome, each rebuff,
Heaven lies 'round us in our infancy. Lay on, Macduff!

The snow had begun in the gloaming, turn backward, O time, in your flight,
Rocked in the crade of the deep, keep watch and ward tonight.
Tell me not in mournful numbers home they brought her warrior dead,
Hamelin town's in Brunswick, tell me, where is fancy bred?

O mother dear, Jerusalem, I know a person small,
Nay, master, we are seven, with stars for tapers tall;
O captain, my captain, I was not always thus,
From Greenland's icy mountain flew the cranes of Ibicus.

What are the bugles blowin' for, John Anderson, my Jo?
A man's a man for a' that, on the light fantastic toe;
A chieftain to the Highlands bound cries dip, boys, dip the oar,
It was an ancient Maid of Athens, quoth the Raven, Nevermore.

—Selected.

"Cotton" Frew and Lucile were sitting on the front porch one fine Sunday evening enjoying the balmy spring air. They were so engrossed in each others' society that they did not notice when an automobile drew up to the house opposite and backed up preparing to turn. When the searchlight from the auto fell suddenly upon the porch there was a sudden scream and startled confusion. When silence had again descended Lucile was heard to ask, "Why, oh why, are we always in the spotlight?"

DER FAULE[1] SCHULER.

'S sitzt eine Flieg' an der Wand
Flieg' an der Wand;
Naht[2] mir der Schlummer,[3],
Setzt sich das bose Tier
Frech[4] auf die Nase mir;
Das macht mir Kummer,[5]
Ja Kummer.

Wenn ich so faul nicht war',
Faul nicht war',
Wollt ich nicht klagen[6];
Zornig[7] schlug is sie tot;
So musz ich meine Not[8]
Ruhig ertragen,[9]
Ja tragen.

Das ist mein Trost[10] dabei
Trost dabei,
Dasz mich zum Glucke
Nur eine Fliege sticht,[11]
Der es an Gift gebricht,[12]
Und keine Mucke,[13]
Ja Mucke.

1. Lazy.
2. Draws near.
3. Slumber.
4. Boldly (saucily.
5. Trouble(make uneasy).
6. Complain.
7. In anger.
8. Trouble.
9. Bear.
10. Consolation.
11. Bite (sting).
12. Has no poison.
13. Mosquito.

—From "Aus Nah und Fern."

From Botany: "What is meant by the expression of a tree?"
"How it looks and what it is thinking about."

In Physics: Murphy—"Reed, do be quiet, or you will break something."
Reed—"What can I break that is valuable?"
Murphy—"Silence! and silence is golden."

The boy stood on the foot-ball field,
For just about a minute;
And then they called the ambulance
And put his fragments in it.
They lugged him to the hospital
And sewed him up with care;
And when they played the game next day
Behold, the boy was there.—Ex.

MISS ROBERTS' PUZZLING SOLILOQUY AS TO MY CHARACTER.

To be punctuated by the reader, so as to give two entirely different meanings.

He is an experienced scholar in vice and devilment he is never found opposing the works of the wicked he takes delight in the downfall of our school he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow students he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of our school he takes no pleasure in obeying the faculty he is uncommonly diligent in sowing seeds of discord among his class mates he takes no pride in laboring to promote his education he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize the purity of Old Lisbon High he makes no exertions to subdue the evils of the school he tries hard to build a Devil's workshop in our midst he lends no aid to the support of our Athletics he contributes freely to idleness he pays no attention to good advice he listens with pleasure to plots of trouble he turns a mute ear to any victory of Lisbon High School he gives his best applause to all evil and vice he turns his back to all good he pays great heed to all the Devil he will never go to heaven he must go when he will receive his just reward.

Dedicated to E. A. Roberts. Written by L. R. Decker, '14.

O limpy Ann; O limpy Ann,
Oh, I say have you seen Olympian?
With golden hair and a purple gown,
You can see her in most any house in town.

Cyril—I wish to buy some paper. I am bashful and am going to propose to a young lady by letter.

W. F. Ball—This is a stationery store. I guess you are looking for a hardware store.

Cyril—A hardware store?

W. F. Ball—Yes, you need sandpaper.

WE WONDER

Why some Seniors are wise and some are otherwise?
When Red will stop growing?
When Teeny will begin?
Why Burbick is such a dude?
If Lafferty ever had to learn to talk?
Why Fife is such a blow?
Why some boys only like a Bell(e)?
What Benjamin Franklin would think of his namesake?
If Maple will ever be a chestnut?
How Halverstadt could sleep while having his picture taken?
Why some Freshmen are Guys?
Why the girls all like Cheese?
When Ford will be Superintendent of the Lisbon Schools?
Why Van Fossan was born handsome?
Why Rigby wasn't?
Why Hendricks doesn't move out the Wellsville Road?
If arsenic tastes like ice-cream?
When the first volume of Abram's poems will appear?
Why Scroggs is so serious?
How Adams finds time to curl his hair?
Why Hickling can't tell a pill from a tablet?
If the Freshmen girls will ever look as old as the Senior girls?

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

If the elevator boy should forget to shut the doors,
And you should accidentally fall down twenty-seven floors;
And on reaching the bottom, would be lying there alert,
The first person seeing you would inquire, "Are you hurt?"

Foolish question! and your dying words are "No!
Was in an awful hurry, elevator was slow;
Thought I could save time by coming down this way,"
And there's a foolish question you may hear every day.

There is always a fellow a-hangin' round the place
Who sees you take the brush and lather up your face;
And when you give your razor a preliminary wave,
That fool is sure to ask, "Going to take a shave?"

Foolish questions and foolish answers in their line;
"No, not prepared for shaving, just passin' 'way the time;
I like to take my brush and paint my face this way,"
And there's a foolish question you may hear every day.

For instance you've been out of town for several weeks;
What is it your friend always asks the first time he speaks?
He rushes right up to meet you and gives your back a whack,
That almost knocks you silly and hollers, "Ah, are you back?"

Foolish questions and foolish answers in their line;
"No, I'm not back—I'm still with Bingham on the Rhine,
I've been traveling in Asia and won't be back till May."
And there's a foolish question you may hear every day.

DECKER, '14.

ADVICE FROM AN EXPERIENCED MIND.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
School life's but an empty dream;
And the student dumb that slumbers
And the Faculty not what they seem.

"Murphy" is really dead in earnest
And the altar is his goal;
Then he from school to home returneth
To his bird-house on the pole.

All enjoyment and no sorrow
Is his wish througout the day,
When he thinks that each tomorrow
Brings "her" closer than today.

Miss Elaine, the time is fleeting,
And your heart, though strong and brave
Still like many more is beating,
For some one, you sure must crave.

In the Assembly stands Miss Sadie,
A strong and powerful stature she;
Lightly her looks fall on the Freshie,
But daggers are all that we can see.

Trust not a smile, however be it,
Lest you know not what it means;
For Miss Elsie's loving spirit,
Is not always what it seems.

Next comes the fair one of our school,
Miss Davis, like a babbling run;
With scowls and frowns she dictates the rule,
To love them all and believe in none.

The CROW soaring o'er our wide domain,
Sees foot-prints of perhaps another;
Then with a sigh he says again,
"Woe to thee, my deceiving lover."

And now allow us apology to make,
For taking your valuable time;
And let us all hope, that the Faculty will take,
Advice from an experienced mind.

"HANK" FOX, '15.

PATRICKVAR.

Young Pat O'Murphy came over one day,
To dear old Lisbon, so thriving and gay;
And, save his own warning, he weapons had none,
He feared not the girls so keen to be won.
So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like young Patrickvar.

He staid not for Elba, nor e'en for Blanche yet,
He thought but of Margaret., oh, yes, you may bet,
And ere he had taught through the first three months,
He decided of bachelorhood he'd had enough.
Fair Margaret consented. Now to school he comes late;
Physics and Chemistry on Patrick must wait.

Then boldly he entered the front high school hall,
Among the fair teachers, and pupils and all;
Then spoke Mr. Bingham, his voice like a sword,
(But the bright, happy bridegroom said never a word)
"Oh, come ye to work here or come ye to play,
Or what is the meaning of this wretched delay?"

"I long shunned your teachers, your pupils defied;
Love swells for my Margaret, and ebbs like the tide.
And now am I come with this dear love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine."
There are maidens in Lisbon and also afar,
That would gladly be bride to young Patrickvar.

Who's Who in Lisbon High?

Class of '14.

Meek Erratic Lassie
Consistent Modest Miss
Why Play?
He Works Perhaps
How Wonderfully Roguish
Gracious Capable President
He's Always Ready
Cautious, Promising Rhymster
Our Little Graduate
Please Take Heart
Don't Work Hard
After Many Heartaches
Gay Inconsistent Shadow
Always Working Backward
Why Always Worry?
Education Resounds
Extra Burdens Tire
Can't She Play?
Covets Little
Most Always Happy
Very Easily Annoyed
Ever Busy Brain
Oh! How Cute
Let Roberts Decide
My Dear Dovey
Happy Love Journeys
Couldn't Ever Fail
Jolly Old Codger
Her Merits Flame
Decidedly Hopeful Hustler
Boys Love Her
Continually Doing People
Just Enough Happiness.

Junior Class, 1915.

Babington, Harold
Ball, Clarence
Beaver, Paul
Billingsley, John
Bowman, Carl
Clunk, Joseph
Easterday, Roy
Flugan, Harry
Fox, Wyllys
Frew, Harold
Kinnear, James
March, Harry
Martin, James
Nace, George
Pritchard, Frank
Riddle, Harry
Ward, Walter
Scott, Hobart
Bradbury, Lucile
Everett, Anna
Fisher, Ruth
Franks, Esther
Fraser, Marie
Halverstadt, Ruby
Handelsman, Esther
Handelsman, Irene
Heller, Elizabeth
Helman, Ruth
Hepburn, Orrall
James, Mabel
McCaskey, Margaret
Rigby, Anna
Stockman, Mary
Underwood, Loraine
Young, Lucile

Withdrawn

Bowman, Galen
Evans, Arthur
Brinker, Rollin

Sophomores.

Abrams, Russell
Adams, Raymond
Bowling, Norman
Cope, Elmer
Cope, Frank
Everett, Harvey
Ewing, Leslie
Guy, James
Hartman, Oscar
Lewis, Bruce
Moore, Robert
Morrow, Robert
Pellett, Gilman
Smith, Francis
Trunick, Frank
Wylie, Kenneth
Albright, Evelyn
Arter, Helen
Atterholt, Ruth
Barnes, Ruth
Billingsley, Martha
Crawford, Nellie

Sophomores

Dickson, Bessie
Entrikin, Ada
Fraser, Vera
Gromley, Wilda
Harbaugh, Ruth
Hiltabidel, Florence
Lewis, Kathryn
McCormick, Hazel
McPherson, Julia
Pannier, Sadie
Pike, Helen
Thomas, Eva
Travis, Mildred
White, Effie
Williams, Ruth
Williard, Evelyn
Wright, Frances

Withdrawn.

Perkins, Ross
Scott, Rollin
Ball, Retta
Fletcher, Lucile

Freshmen.

Adams, Harold
Burbick, Paul
Fife, Lloyd
Firestone, Leland
Ford, Floyd
Guy, Charles
Guy, Harry
Halverstadt, Lauren
Hendricks, Russell
Hennacy, Frank
Hickling, Homer
Johnson, Albert
Lafferty, George
Maple, Lester
Rigby, Godfrey
Scroggs, Joseph
Switzer, Arthur
Van Fossan, Robert
Albright, Mary
Binsley, Ella
Bell, Madge
Burneson, Viola
Carlisle, Goldie
Clunk, Olive
Cope, Loraine
Easterday, Gladys
Ewing, Nannie
Forbes, Helen
Handelsman, Helen
Kemble, Bernice
Kenty, Katharine
Lewis, Jane
Lewton, Iva
Lyder, Tamar
McCormick, Laura
McCoy, Sarah
McGee, Villa
Martin, Mildred
Miller, Marjorie
Morris, Dorothy
Perkins, Vida
Sherbine, Mabel
Stockman, Hazel
Todd, Mabelle
Todd, Marie
Unger, Olive
Van Fossan, Edna
Wright, Nellie

Withdrawn.

Burky, George
VanCleve, Robert
Williams, Ethel

Unclassified.

Baxter, Bert
Billingsley, Mary
Forse, Jay
Gailey, Ariel
Lewis, Meryl
Pritchard, Marcus

THE Class of 1914 wishes to extend its appreciation to the Faculty, the Board, the Alumni and all others who so cheerfully contributed or in any way assisted in making possible this issue of the "Olympian."

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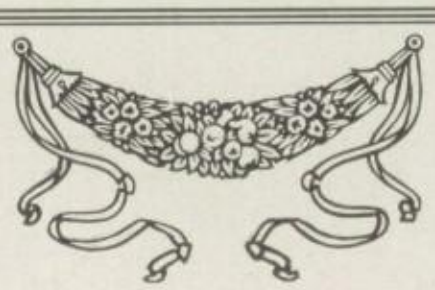

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